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THE WAR.

THIS week has been a week of hard fighting. France has made a serious, sustained, and resolute effort to relieve Paris, and Paris has fought with gallantry and determination to save itself. If success for the French means that they have given the Germans much trouble and anxiety, and have, at least at Paris, fought in the old French style, then the French have succeeded. But if by success it is meant that they have shown themselves capable of saving Paris, then they must be held not to have succeeded, but, thus far, failed. The sympathy for the French cause is very strong in many of the Englishmen who criticize the events of the war, and the history of the week can, it seems, be so dressed up as to seem a succession of French victories. But all that those who long most to see France win can say is, that the French are now going to win. They are going to push Prince FREDERIC CHARLES back on Paris; DUCROT is going to advance from the Marne to Fontainebleau; one of those extraordinary armies, which are always about a hundred thousand strong and which are vaguely said to be stationed somewhere, is going to come up from the West and press him as he retreats; D'AURELLE is getting his left well forward so as to co-operate with this great movement; General MANTEUFFEL is going to be recalled from Amiens, and then the Army of the North is going to hang on his rear. In short, the time of French deliverance has arrived. This may be a good guess at the future, or it may not. We do not see that any one in England has any means of estimating accurately the events that are likely to happen in any part of France even in the next twenty-four hours. But if we look to what has happened, then we find that on Sunday last a general movement was begun in the provinces north and south of Paris, and from within Paris itself. The long-expected sorties began; the Army of the North came southward from Amiens; the Army of the Loire tried to force its way to Fontainebleau. The Army of the North was crushed, driven back, dispersed; the Army of the Loire was stopped on its way to Fontainebleau, and is no nearer Paris than it was a week ago. The great sortie of Wednesday last did not end in General DUCROT getting clear of the Germans with a large force, ready to break up their communications, or to take Prince FREDERIC CHARLES in the rear. We do not as yet know precisely how it ended, but we do know that not a single Frenchman got through the besieging force on that day. Paris was as strictly invested on Thursday morning as it had been on Wednesday morning. The friends of the French will not listen to the King of PRUSSIA's telegrams. They think them all concocted to delude the public, but calmer judges who have always found the Prussian telegrams substantially right will attach some weight to the positive assurance of the KING that the French did not break through the German lines on Wednesday, but after a short success were repulsed. The KING does not say that they were driven back under the forts. They obviously were not driven back, for on Thursday, when no further fighting appears to have been going on, they held Champigny, one of the positions they had taken on Wednesday, and from which they were again driven according to the account of the King of PRUSSIA, who on this point was perhaps not accurately informed. It may be an advantage to them, or it may be no serious advantage at all to them, to have done as much as they did on Wednesday. The *Times*' Correspondent, from whom we learn that on Thursday they were at Champigny and that all was quiet, states decisively that the net result of Wednesday's action was that no substantial advantage was gained by the French. He may be wrong, but at any rate, up to the present moment, there is no clear trustworthy sign that the

French have in any way bettered their position, although they have undoubtedly saved their honour, and dispelled the illusion that the troops in Paris would not fight.

At the same time it must be owned that this conclusion can only be arrived at in direct opposition to the telegrams received from Tours. There it was stated as a positive fact that General DUCROT had broken through the investing army with 150,000 men; and we observe that the military critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, who appears to us to be perfectly impartial, accepts this as the true account, and thinks that this large force is now really outside Paris, flushed with victory, and able to interrupt the German communications or fall on Prince FREDERIC CHARLES, as may be thought best. But we may ask, how did they know this at Tours, and what grounds had they for believing it? All the intelligence that comes from the scene of action tells the other way. There is the telegram of the King of PRUSSIA; there is a confirmatory telegram from the general in command of the Wurtemberg force to his Sovereign, which speaks of the Wurtembergers having had a very hard day's work, but as having on the whole fought with success. Then there is a balloon account received from Paris itself, bringing news down to Wednesday evening. The aeronaut claims nothing more for his friends than that, when darkness terminated the combat on Wednesday, the French troops who had taken part in the great sortie held the positions they had won. Lastly, there is the statement made on the following day by the *Times*' Correspondent, that on Wednesday the French obtained no substantial advantage. It is almost inconceivable that if DUCROT and so vast a force as 150,000 men had cut their way out of Paris, an Englishman, having full opportunity of knowing what had happened, should have telegraphed that the French obtained no substantial advantage. A victorious French army operating on their line of communications would threaten the Germans with utter destruction. We think, therefore, that the balance of evidence points clearly the other way; and that the information received and published at Tours was really a pardonable exaggeration of the first results of General DUCROT's sortie on Wednesday. At eight in the morning he crossed the Marne, and by eleven the engagement became serious. His troops were successful, and captured more than one important position. The Germans were then reinforced, and, as they say, drove the French back, not into Paris, but out of the vantage-ground they had won at midday. We have only to suppose that the Government at Tours had, even on Thursday evening, received no intelligence of a later date than midday on Wednesday. The news up to that date was of a favourable kind. General DUCROT had come out of Paris with a large body of men, which the lively imagination of the French at Tours immediately put at double its real strength. His attack was well directed and successful. It was made with spirit and determination. General TROCHU had the day before issued a proclamation to encourage the people and the troops, and to throw the blame of the vast loss of life which he foresaw on to the invaders of his country. All this the Government of Tours knew, and they may have jumped to the conclusion that, as General DUCROT had begun, so would he go on, and that his success was assured. But even on Thursday evening, when M. GAMBETTA addressed an enthusiastic and delighted audience from a balcony, and when he was claiming a victory and inspiring hopes of fresh victories, he did not venture, it may be observed, to go further than to say that the Army of Paris could now no doubt get out; and yet this was some hours later than the despatch of the news to England that DUCROT had actually got out with an overwhelming force.

By the time these lines come into the hands of our readers the real truth as to the events of Wednesday will be known,

and we are therefore only speculating as to what will be by that time beyond the range of speculation. But there is no use discussing any of the events of the war except in conjunction with the great Paris sortie. The French troops do not appear to have fought well in front of Amiens, and the Northern provinces were thoroughly disheartened by the result of Sunday's engagement. General WERDER has broken up the Garibaldians; a success against which the reported defeat of two Prussian columns near Nuits by Francs-tireurs can scarcely be set. Prince FREDERIC CHARLES headed back D'AURELLE at Beaune-la-Rolande on Sunday, and he himself did not at first realize the importance of his success. Afterwards it became evident that the Armies of the North and of the Loire had been making a combined movement with the garrison of Paris, and then the Germans knew the danger they had averted by holding their ground at Beaune-la-Rolande. On Sunday the Armies of the North and the Loire pressed forward, and on Monday evening General TROCHU ordered a heavy firing from all the forts, followed on Tuesday morning by a sortie southward to L'Hay. If this had been successful, it would have been the natural means of communicating by the Fontainebleau road with the Army of the Loire, had that army succeeded on Sunday, for it might then have been close to Paris. This sortie failed, and the next day TROCHU resolved to make the great sortie in a different direction. Perhaps he had satisfied himself that the position of the besiegers on the south was too strong to force. Possibly also he may have considered that, as up to that time the Army of the Loire had given no signs of appearing near Paris, it would be better to think, not mainly or solely of co-operating with it in case of success, but of making a great effort, by a march eastward, to cut off the Germans from Germany. It is evident that there are no means by which the garrison of Paris can communicate quickly and certainly with the French generals and authorities outside. It was easy to arrange, by balloons or pigeons, that the armies should march forward on the 28th, and that the garrison of Paris, having given them time to come up, if successful, should make its great effort to place itself in combination with them. But on the 29th General TROCHU could not know what had happened on the 28th. He had to act in the dark, and take his chance of support from without. Probably future military historians may agree that he did what was the best under the circumstances. At any rate, what he did was done vigorously, and as if his plan had a real existence. He also personally fought, as we learn from balloon despatch, with the greatest courage, and by his example and presence animated his troops to renewed efforts. It also appears as if he was not dissatisfied with the results of the day, for he highly eulogized General DUCROT in the evening for what had been done under his leadership during the day, and his tone was not that of a man who has to con-
 dole with those serving under him on a defeat. So far as we can see at present, the truth will probably, we think, turn out to be that the French had a success on Wednesday, which was not unsatisfactory to themselves or their generals, and which may pave the way to still further successes in the next few days; but that they did not on Wednesday effect their main object and cut a path through the German lines.

RUSSIA AND EUROPE.

THE Ministers had probably good reasons for delaying the publication of Prince GORTCHAKOFF's answer and of Lord GRANVILLE's rejoinder; and there is no reason to dispute the soundness of their judgment in allowing the substance of both documents to transpire. It was easy to anticipate the nature of the Russian reply before the text of the document was published. Prince GORTCHAKOFF, as might be expected, is surprised at the surprise which has been caused by his unprecedented declaration. If it will satisfy the English Government that he should repeat the same announcement in other words, he will not be unwilling to modify his phrases. There was no ground for hoping that a calculated defiance would be withdrawn in deference to the remonstrances which it could not fail to provoke. At the same time it was unnecessary and useless to aggravate the outrage by the further employment of discourteous language. The Russian Government would readily facilitate the acceptance of its exorbitant demands. As long as the original Circular is not retracted, the contempt of Russia for the Treaty of Paris, and for the allies and protectors of Turkey, stands on record as a formal announcement of a policy deliberately adopted. No subsequent profession

of pacific intentions can affect or invalidate the notice which has been publicly served on all the Powers whom it may concern. If any sanguine friend of peace hoped that the Emperor ALEXANDER would reconsider his determination, he might have been undeceived by the addresses which have been delivered to order by Russian corporations and public bodies. When an advertiser composes and publishes testimonials to the excellence of his wares, he is understood not to have retired from business. The eulogies of the Imperial policy which have been forwarded for insertion from the Government offices to the provincial towns are virtually replications of Prince GORTCHAKOFF's Circular. It would have been surprising if any of the addresses had expressed a doubt of the morality or expediency of repudiating solemn obligations. The official authors of the memorials, and the local functionaries who collect signatures, digress into no philosophical refinements about the inability of nations to bind themselves by perpetual engagements. It is enough for their purposes that the EMPEROR asserts the power and independence of the nation by methods of which he is supposed to be the most competent judge. Foreign travellers in the Empire have almost uniformly reported that the Russian population is exceptionally averse to war, or rather to military service; but in the absence of public opinion the Government can at all times confidently appeal to patriotism or religious fanaticism. Every persecution of Poland, and every piratical crusade against Turkey, has been approved by the great majority of Russians. The limited class which really takes an interest in political affairs probably applauds the adroitness with which the Government has profited by the misfortunes of France and the supposed isolation of England. Any passing scruple of conscience will be easily dissipated by the simple process of throwing the entire responsibility on the EMPEROR and his Ministers.

The purport and tone of the English answer to Prince GORTCHAKOFF's second Note were plainly dictated by considerations which are as obvious to the world at large as to the Cabinet. It would have been absurd to pretend that the English objections to the original Circular had related to a fault of manner, or that they were removed or mitigated by the use of a different set of phrases. Even if the Government had determined on war, the announcement of the resolution would have been premature at a time when no military or political preparations had even commenced. The renewal of Lord GRANVILLE's former protest leaves England at liberty either to choose the occasion of active resistance to the Russian pretensions, or to abstain from interference. Public curiosity, stimulated but faintly by the mere exchange of diplomatic communications, has exercised itself during the week on rumours of dissensions in the Cabinet, and even of impending resignations. Some Ministers have been mentioned as more or less warlike than their colleagues; and it has been strangely, and perhaps apocryphally, stated that susceptibility to attacks on national honour is strongest in the quarter where it might have seemed least to be expected. The most pugnacious peacemongers endeavoured to persuade themselves that the majority of the Cabinet disapproved of Lord GRANVILLE's temperate and argumentative answer to the first Russian Note. If any difference of opinion existed, it has been settled or adjourned for the time. If it is true that, according to a statement attributed to Lord HOLLAND, Cabinets quarrel among themselves more habitually than Parliamentary parties, their members wisely contrive, like prelates after a Roman Council, to believe in the decrees which have been finally issued. It is possible that Ministers who unanimously approve of the answer forwarded to St. Petersburg may hereafter differ from one another if it becomes necessary to determine on peace or war. On the preliminary question whether the denunciation or the actual breach of the treaty should be regarded as the offence to be condoned or punished, all the members of the Government may probably have agreed. The temptation to postpone an irrevocable decision is almost irresistible, when delay involves no dishonour. When a Russian fleet is constructed in the Black Sea there may possibly be additional facilities for resenting the encroachment, in the form of new alliances, or of enmities partially appeased. Having decided against an immediate rupture, the Cabinet could scarcely hesitate as to the maintenance of the protest against repudiation. The ultimate policy to be adopted will perhaps be determined rather by the feeling of Parliament and of the country than in Ministerial deliberations. The Russian Government, which would undoubtedly prefer unopposed success to victory after a conflict, is ill advised in encouraging the journals of St. Petersburg and Moscow in their attacks upon England. The peace party in this coun-

try will not be strengthened by additional proofs of the hostile meaning of Prince GORTCHAKOFF'S Notes.

The sensitive barometer of the Stock Exchange rose but slightly on the report from Versailles of a Conference suggested by Count BISMARCK and accepted by Russia. The statement, which was undoubtedly true, admits of the most elastic interpretation. The Russian Government could not fail to welcome the proposal of a Conference on the tacit assumption that the recent Circular was to form the starting-point of the discussion. A man who offers to submit to an arbitrator the question whether he is bound by an undisputed contract evidently intends to obtain the advantage of reducing a certainty to a doubt. At a Conference of which the basis had not been strictly defined, a Russian plenipotentiary might plausibly contend that the Governments which took part in the proceedings must have satisfied themselves of the necessity of modifying the Paris Treaty. The rumour that the Russian Note was to be previously withdrawn has not been confirmed; and even if Prince GORTCHAKOFF could be persuaded to retract his offensive words, he would afterwards allege that his concession had been exclusively verbal. The project would be more intelligible if the relations of North Germany with Russia were clearly defined. It may be assumed that Count BISMARCK would have preferred a postponement of the Russian declaration, although it furnishes him with an almost conclusive argument in favour of his territorial claims against France. It is not for the interest of Germany that the Powers which have been allied with France on Eastern questions should engage in a war to which France, but for the German invasion, would also have been a party. There is strong reason to believe that the North German Government had agreed to support the Russian demands if they had been preferred after the conclusion of peace. According to the statements of the Correspondent of the *Times* at Versailles, the German officers not only favour the pretensions of Russia, but talk, as if they had been infected with French vanity and turbulence, of a partition of Turkey in which Germany was to have some indefinite share. On the whole, it may be conjectured that the object of Count BISMARCK'S intervention will be to adjourn the Russian question until he is at leisure to influence the decision. The eager and immediate adhesion of Russia to the plan of a Conference might serve as a warning to the English Cabinet not to grasp too hastily at an imaginary concession. It is a cause for regret that the illusory proposal made to the Tours Government of participation in the Conference should have been made by Lord LYONS, and not by the representative of Russia.

The confidential communications which must have been exchanged between England and Austria will affect the policy of both Governments. It is not yet known whether Count BEUST is prepared to make either the verbal repudiation or the practical breach of the treaty a ground of war. The Russian Minister has taunted him with his ill-advised offer made two or three years ago of proposing a relaxation of the provisions relating to the Black Sea. The Austrian Chancellor replies that the overture was contemptuously rejected, and he points out the distinction between the friendly reconsideration of a contract and arbitrary repudiation by one of the parties. It remains to be seen whether Austria is prepared to resist by force a measure of which it had voluntarily approved. The decision of the Austro-Hungarian Government is of the greatest importance, as the third signatory of the Supplementary Convention of 1856 can at present take no part in any foreign transaction. Austria has an undoubted right to demand that England shall make the Russian Note a *casus belli*, and, on the other hand, it would be difficult for England to act without the consent and co-operation of Austria. The general Treaty of March 30, 1856, binds all the six Powers to guarantee the independence of Turkey; and it may be argued that every party to a treaty is bound, as a general rule, to enforce as well as to observe its provisions; but the conclusion of a more specific agreement with France and with Austria proves that the security of the general treaty was not regarded as sufficient. Neither North Germany nor Italy is likely to admit that the announced design of forming a Russian fleet in the Black Sea is of itself an attack on the independence of Turkey; but either Austria or England is at liberty to denounce the Note as a violation of the treaty. The economic, philanthropic, and prudential reasons against war require neither exposition nor rhetorical illustration. No member of the present Government, and indeed no rational Englishman, feels the smallest wish to go to war; but it is nevertheless necessary to calculate the consequences of spiritless submission.

OUR ARMAMENTS.

IT has been supposed that the political outlook is a little less cloudy than it was a week ago. It may be so, though we do not see much to encourage excessive confidence in the maintenance of peace, beyond the fact that the attitude of England seems to be assured. The issue of peace or war no longer depends on us. Our Government has in effect declared that certain overt acts on the part of Russia will be resisted with all the strength of England, be it much or little; and if the Czar still persists, war there must be, not to-day or next week perhaps, but in all probability early in the coming year. We neither doubt the duty of this country to take the line she has done, nor her ability to maintain it, if only the respite which may be looked for before the actual conflict, is turned to the best account. But whether war comes or not, we ought to be ready. Before we can be so there is much to be done, and it is not satisfactory to find how vaguely those who should be our leaders seem to appreciate the nature of the work before them. We suppose no one is foolhardy enough to say that we ought to go to war without having both an army and a navy equal, if not superior, in available strength to any force which is likely to threaten us. It can scarcely be needful to answer those who think that, because we have a fleet as a first line of defence, we may be content with a land army utterly insignificant when tested by the standard of Continental States. A great amount of nonsense has been sung to this tune. None can prize more highly than we do the silver thread of sea that severs us from faithless States, and the stout sailors who hold it for us. But this is no reason for diminishing the strength of our second line. It might indeed be a reason for maintaining no army at all, provided we were content to give up all military action beyond our own coasts, and able to convert into certainty the high probability that our first line will never be broken or eluded. But such certainty is not to be got, and such abstention from foreign conflict is really impossible. And, this being so, it is obvious that if we are to use our army at all, whether at home or abroad, it will need to be just as strong as if our boundary were only an imaginary line upon a map.

What we require on the outbreak of war is, first, an overwhelming fleet; secondly, an army comparable, not only in quality but in numbers, with the forces of possible enemies; and, lastly, a supply and transport organization capable of ministering to all the necessities of such a force. And in the present aspect of affairs we want all these things ready, or very nearly ready, in the spring of next year.

Can this be secured, and how? We believe it can, and that the means are not far to seek. Of the navy we say nothing now, because we are satisfied that by pressing on the work already on hand in the dockyards, and using with effect the strength which our Naval Reserves can supply, it is in the power of the Admiralty to turn out a fleet as powerful and as well manned as can reasonably be desired. All that is wanted for this end is that the Government should work with a will with the means already at their disposal. The creation of an adequate army is a more difficult task, but the difficulty is not insuperable. At present, as our professional soldiers constantly tell us, we have no reserve, and it may be added with equal truth that we have no army, in the sense in which reserves and armies are understood abroad, and must be understood here, too, if we are to fight with a reasonable hope of victory. Some hundreds of thousands of partially drilled men who cannot be drafted off to fill the gaps in a line of attack do not constitute a reserve. A corps of fifty or sixty thousand men, with less than 200 guns, is not an army of which any military Power would seriously take account.

Before saying a word as to how our deficiencies are to be made good, we must dismiss at once, in view of the immediate exigency, plans for the ultimate reorganization of our forces which have nowhere been more earnestly supported than in our own columns. We are as satisfied as ever that the true basis of military organisation is a short-service army, with a reserve composed of the men who have passed through their period of active training. But schemes of this kind are beside the question of the hour. They would give us an effective force some years hence, but they can do nothing for us next year. The same may be said of the favourite nostrum of our professional soldiers, which is simply to multiply the numbers of our existing army. This would be very good but for two objections. One is, that the highest possible rate of recruiting under actual conditions (or even if we returned to the pernicious system of bounties) would not supply an adequate force in less than a decade; and another is, that even the wealth of England would fail to maintain a purchased army of several hundreds of thousands of men. Multiply

our army by ten, or even five, and the cost would become prodigious, especially if the bounties needed to stimulate rapid recruiting are taken into account. What, then, is to be done? Are we to adopt the conscription, pure and simple, for our active army? We think not, though, if it were necessary, even this barbarous policy would have to be endured. Let us take stock of the forces available even without this extreme measure. We have perhaps 50,000 regular troops disposable. We have besides a Militia 100,000 strong, and 150,000 Volunteers. If the Militia were largely increased, there would never be wanting a good supply of trained recruits. Experience proves that in time of war a large proportion of the Militia are always ready to transfer their services to the line. Then, again, if the efficiency of the Militia and Volunteers were brought up to a high standard, it would not be unsafe to utilize all, or almost all, our regular troops abroad, and leave these auxiliary forces to bear the burden of home defence.

What is it that prevents the increase in the strength and efficiency both of Militia and Volunteers? Every one knows the answer. The Militia is weak because we have disused the ballot. The Volunteers are only half efficient because the Government has been afraid to exact too much from men who have the option of retiring at short notice, and who have no personal inducement to remain in the ranks when the service demands more time than they are willing to give. If Lord ELCHO's proposal were adopted, and the Militia ballot enforced within certain ages, and with no exemption except in favour of efficient Volunteers, we could make both our Militia and our Volunteers as numerous and as efficient as we pleased. And we believe that the requirement of a higher proficiency would but make the Volunteer service more popular than ever. The schools and examinations now open for officers are thronged by men only too glad to avail themselves of every opportunity of improvement, and it is rapidly coming to be understood in the Volunteer Force that no one ought to retain a commission, or even hold the minor rank of a non-commissioned officer, who is not prepared to vindicate his fitness for the trust. More frequent drill and stricter discipline will in the same way add to the *esprit de corps* on which the Volunteer service mainly depends; and it will be found, in this as in other cases, that the more you ask of the Volunteers the more cheerfully it will be given. The initial stimulus afforded by the desire to escape the ballot will be useful in tiding over the brief period of transition from remissness to assiduity. After that, the public opinion of the force will amply suffice to secure any measure of diligence and consequent efficiency which our rulers may think fit to require. The superstition that a man cannot be both a civilian and a soldier is sufficiently exploded by the experience of Prussia. It is simply a question of the amount of time and labour given to the acquisition of military aptitude, and it is not to be doubted that the time in which an enthusiastic Volunteer can learn his duties is something incomparably less than is required for the training of a bumpkin recruit.

It may be readily admitted that this simple mode of improving an army on any scale we please would not give us as powerful a machine as might gradually be created after years of a new organization; but it has this great recommendation, that it will do its work in a few months, and that it will keep up the supply of men for the regular forces at the same time that it furnishes a second line which no enemy would venture to despise. It is, above all, recommended by the fact that no alternative policy even pretends to meet the emergency before us. But if anything effectual is to be done, it must be done at once, and we confess to grave doubts whether Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CARDWELL can be credited with the promptness and energy which are so urgently needed. If Parliament were summoned, as it should be, their slackness would speedily vanish; but the Cabinet seem incapable of taking either this or any other necessary step. The same feebleness of temper on their part which threatens to let the country drift into war, without any effort to add to the strength of the army, is only too likely to paralyse the organization of our supplies. Our artillery needs a vast development, which cannot be commenced too soon. Our stock of breechloading rifles is insufficient in quantity, and poor in quality; and, after years of reconstruction, the Supply and Transport Service is scarcely fit to deal with the trifling duties which fall upon it now, and would break down, as it broke down before, on the first real strain to which it was exposed. To change all this in a few months needs nothing but energy, intellect, and will; but for will, intellect, and energy we have to look to Mr. CARDWELL. It is a sad prospect. It ought not to be forgotten that a Conference without an army

means capitulation now, and war when the Russian Black Sea Fleet is built.

AUSTRIA.

THE extracts from the Austrian Red Book which have been sent to English newspapers, and the explanations by which they have been accompanied, throw much light on the policy of a country which has every claim to the sympathy of Englishmen. In three ways Austria occupies a position of exceptional interest for us. As the great conservator of the peace along the valley of the Danube, she is, of all Christian Powers, the most concerned in checking the ambition of Russia. She has almost exactly the same difficulties to contend with which we have to face in dealing with Ireland. Lastly, she is literally the only home of free discussion and opinion among the important States of the Continent. To take the last of these claims on our attention first. The greatest question of the day is, what will be the domestic and foreign policy of Germany when this war is over. Some think that Bismarckism will reign triumphant, and that nothing but iron and blood will find favour henceforth with the peaceable, home-loving Germans. They will, it is thought, be content to live under a crushing despotism at home, provided they have the delight of bullying or annexing little States like Switzerland and Holland, and defying big States like England and Russia. Others think that the Germans, having gained all they want by the humiliation and enfeebling of France, will set themselves to achieve domestic liberty and develop their material resources. No one can say which view will prove the true one; but there are many signs that at least the non-Prussian States are very tired of the war, long for peace, and will do their utmost, in concert with a considerable part of the Prussian population, to withstand anything like a mere brutal military despotism. They may easily fail; Count BISMARCK, if he settles to oppose them, is not a man easily beaten. But at any rate during the struggle they will be fortified by the example of Austria. There they will see a population of eight million Germans enjoying full liberty of speech and writing, honestly trying to work out a system of free government, and acting in perfect concert with a Sovereign who began his reign on the highest absolutist principles. The Germans in Austria have great difficulties to encounter, for they are a minority among alien populations; but at any rate their difficulties are not those which beset communities who halt on the path of free government. Even the religious difficulty, so pressing in most Catholic countries, is not a difficulty for Austria. The subjects of the EMPEROR are almost all Catholics; but no Protestant Government could have dealt more calmly and firmly than the Government of the EMPEROR has done with the Roman question. The POPE requested Austria to join him in a protest against the occupation of Rome by the Italians. The Austrian Government replied that it deeply regretted the mortification to which the POPE had been subjected, but that Italy had announced that the abolition of the Temporal Power was a necessity to her, and that Austria could not interfere with the action of a friendly State in a matter which that State announced to be one in which she had felt obliged to act as she did. The excuse must seem a bad one to all the friends of the POPE, but it was a sufficiently plain method of giving it to be understood that Austria was not going to let the wishes of ecclesiastics determine her foreign policy. Austria will appear as the champion of civil liberty and of secular ideas in the eyes of all Germans who dread or dislike the reactionary strength and tendencies of Rome; and, although she is outside the Confederation, she is still to Germans a Power that may almost be called a German one, and the mere fact that she thus resolutely asserts her independence of the great centre of despotic influence must give her weight with the Liberal party in Germany, and encourage them to persevere in their arduous course.

At the outset of the present war, or even while it was only in contemplation, Austria distinctly notified to the Emperor of the FRENCH that she could give him no assistance, and her reasons were allowed by the EMPEROR to be unanswerable. She had to take account of both Germany and Russia. If she had taken part in the war, she would of course have tried to carry the Southern States of Germany with her. To have attempted this would have been to set herself up as the enemy of German unity. All the strongest feelings of the most energetic section of Germany would have been arrayed against her. Once more she would have had to embark on the vain undertaking of thwarting that which the most self-respecting Germans hold to be the most solid basis

of their self-respect. Her policy is, and since Sadowa has been, the direct opposite. She wishes Germany to be at once powerful and her friend. Accordingly, not only did she decline giving France active support, but she studiously refrained from interfering with or influencing the minor Courts in her neighbourhood. Her Ministers, when consulted by Bavaria and Wurtemberg, were instructed to reply that they had nothing to say, and that Bavaria and Wurtemberg must do exactly as they thought best for themselves. It was this, probably, that led the French diplomatists into the mistake they made in thinking that South Germany would stand by France. The Courts of the South German States had expected that Austria would be on the side of France, and when she left them alone they were puzzled how to act, and wavered sufficiently to betray diplomatists, who were eager to have good accounts to send home, into assuming that their support might be had, or that at least they might be induced to stand aloof from the contest. Austria, it is said, expressly warned France that this was a mistake. She was near enough to them to form a correct judgment, and to see that when the moment of pressure came they would throw in their lot with Prussia rather than be left in a position of hopeless isolation. More recently she has used her influence to overcome the hesitation of Bavaria in joining the German Confederation. She needs friends in this Confederation, and wants the Confederation as an ally. Russia is the source of her really serious danger. Her great difficulty is to keep together the discordant parts of her Empire, and Russia is ever on the watch to promote every element of discord. M. DE LAVELEYE has recently written a letter to show how great the peril would be to Austria if she went to war with Russia. Her Slavonic populations give her constant trouble, and Russia would like nothing better than to find an opportunity of coming forward as the champion of those populations. Even in times of peace they are hard enough to manage, and the Austrian Government continually wavers between a policy of coercion and a policy of conciliation. There has just been a Ministerial crisis at Vienna because the Austrian Germans thought the Ministry had shown weakness and indecision, and had fostered the dangerous ideas of independence which Bohemia and Croatia entertain. But a coercive policy is an extremely difficult one to carry out. What is to be done if a large portion of a Kingdom altogether declines to be represented in the National Assembly? Nothing would puzzle us so much as if Irish members were duly elected and then declined to take their seats. But then to give in to the Bohemians is obviously dangerous in the extreme. What they want is that Bohemia should be allowed to enter into a sort of treaty with Austria, and that all Bohemian matters should be discussed and decided in Bohemia, while only matters of Imperial concern should be within the jurisdiction of the common Assembly of the whole Kingdom. This is what the Irish national party want, and Austria opposes the demand on precisely the same ground taken by England, and that is, that ample experience has shown how impossible it is to draw a satisfactory line between local and Imperial affairs, and that contests as to this line paralyse the action of the Kingdom as a whole. But the Slavonic populations of Austria consider it a great grievance that they cannot have their own way, and Russia would, in case of a war with Austria, be able to make great use of their irritation, and employ it as a very powerful engine for the destruction of the Austrian Empire.

It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that Austria should have resolutely held aloof from a war which did not concern her, and in which she was in no way bound to take part. But recently she has assumed a very different attitude when a war seemed to threaten her in which she was deeply interested, and when inaction seemed the greatest of dangers. The despatches now published show that she replied to Prince GORTCHAKOFF's Note quite as firmly and frankly as England did. She will not even attend a Conference except on the express understanding that her participation in its deliberations is not to be taken as admitting in any way that she recognises the justice of the claims of Russia. Three years ago Count BEUST expressed an opinion that the conditions of the Treaty of Paris pressed too hardly in some respects on Russia, and offered to do what he could to effect modifications of them. Russia received his overtures very coolly, and, far from expressing any gratitude, accused him of wishing to embroil her with France—a convincing proof, if any were needed, that it was Sedan and Metz, and not any novel sense of wrong done to Russia, that prompted Prince GORTCHAKOFF's Circular. In addressing Austria Prince GORTCHAKOFF added a special note assuming that Austria could not oppose the

action of Russia, as she had herself three years before allowed that Russia was only claiming what was right. Count BEUST in the most unhesitating manner declared in reply that an offer to aid Russia by friendly negotiations had nothing to do with a sudden declaration on the part of Russia that she would no longer be bound by the treaty, and that Austria could not for a moment admit the pretension on which Prince GORTCHAKOFF's Circular was based. Thus Austria looked war in the face and resolved to undergo the risk from which, when considering her position at the outset of the French war, she had shrunk. She was, we think, as right in one case as in the other. We quite agree with M. DE LAVELEYE that what she wants is time, and that if she can but wait till the French war is over, she may hope to find in Germany her true ally in protecting the free navigation of the Danube. But she had not time given her to wait. She had to choose at once between accepting the challenge of Russia and being convicted of being afraid of going to war. In such a crisis boldness was her only chance of safety. To have succumbed to Russia would have been to accept all the consequences of defeat without being defeated. She would have lost the respect of Germany, and have seemed an ally not worth helping and not to be trusted to maintain the honour and power of Germany among alien populations. She would have filled those populations with contempt for her, and redoubled admiration for, and trust in, Russia. Either she can show that she is worthy to lead them, and able to protect and guide them, or her rule over them has no meaning. Russia would at once have appeared as the only friend and protector of the semi-barbarous, semi-Christian tribes scattered along the valley of the Danube and through the provinces of European Turkey. If, as we may hope, peace is preserved, Austria can afford to wait with honour and with augmented rather than diminished influence till the strength of Germany in alliance with her makes her safe; but if she had allowed herself to appear cowed by the bluster of Prince GORTCHAKOFF, even the hope of gaining safety by waiting would have been lost to her.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE TREATY OF 1856.

IF Russia has won the first move in the game by submitting the faith of treaties to the decision of a Conference, it may perhaps still be possible to substitute a more binding security for the fragile obligation of international covenants. Although the hesitation of England and Austria in accepting the Russian challenge may have been caused by extreme anxiety to preserve the peace, reluctance to engage in war is not to be confounded with fear of superior force. A Russian fleet in the Black Sea cannot be constructed for any possible object except for aggression upon Turkey; but the naval armaments and the arsenals which will constitute a future menace have yet to be brought into existence, and when they are completed their effect may be paralysed by a provident and vigorous policy. The sentimentalists and the alarmists who deprecate the maintenance of the Turkish Empire exaggerate the difficulty of the task as much as they misapprehend its utility and importance. There is no question of protecting a Mahometan Government against its Christian subjects, who have by universal consent a right to overthrow the ruling power as soon as they are prepared to take its place. The Eastern question involves only the simple issue whether Russia is to conquer the European dominions of the Porte and to occupy Constantinople. The remnant of Mr. COBDEN's disciples, the section of the aristocracy which sympathizes with Russia, and the politicians whose opinions were lately expressed by Mr. FROUDE, would be contented to acquiesce in the accomplishment of the schemes of CATHERINE and of NICHOLAS; but the national instinct, supported by the traditional policy of every statesman of the last hundred years, arrives at an opposite conclusion. It is an incidental objection to a Russian conquest that it would finally crush the nascent independence of Greece; but Europe, and especially England, is more immediately concerned with the conversion of the Euxine into a Russian lake, and with the control which a Russian navy, stationed at Constantinople, would exercise over the whole Levant. Some perhaps of the advocates of Russian aggression only persuade themselves to tolerate what they deem it difficult or impossible to prevent. Russia possesses vast territories, and a million of men on paper, and her dominions have been repeatedly extended by conquests from Turkey. England is far off, with but a small military force disposable; and Russia would probably purchase her consent to spoliation by promising ample facilities for commercial enter-

prise. Fortunately there will henceforth be little temptation to prefer verbal undertakings to material guarantees. A treaty securing to England free access to a sea commanded by a Russian position might be easily denounced as inconsistent with the dignity of Russia. The Imperial Government would quote the authority of Mr. MILL for the proposition that nations have no power of binding themselves by permanent engagements, and that English statesmen deserve execration if they seek to enforce the performance of treaties.

The truth is that England, with the aid of her natural allies, can at all times hold Russia in check in the direction of Turkey. It is extremely doubtful whether a Russian army could advance upon Constantinople even if the Turks were left to their own unassisted resources. The passage of the Balkan was effected immediately after the destruction of the Janissaries by Sultan MAHMOUD, and before the modern army, which has now attained respectable dimensions, had been raised or organized. It is well known that DIEBITZ arrived at Adrianople with only 20,000 men, and that the treaty which was extorted by the threat of his advance on the capital was signed under a misapprehension. Nothing can be more improbable than that Turkey should in the present day be left alone in her resistance to invasion. The Treaty of Paris, which binds all the Powers to defend the independence and territorial integrity of Turkey, has hitherto only been repudiated by one of its parties to its terms; and the motives which suggested the arrangement are still operative with some of the signatories. Russia cannot approach Turkey by land without crossing Roumanian territory; and the same reasons which induced Austria in 1854 to occupy the Danubian Principalities would cause her to oppose with her utmost force the passage of the Pruth and the Danube by an invading Russian army. Among Austrian and Hungarian statesmen there is no room for the illusions which amuse paradoxical theorists in England. Russia has with imprudent consistency menaced Austria as well as Turkey, though on slightly different pretexts. Orthodox piety requires the liberation of Christians from the dominion of MAHMOUD; and ethnological sympathy yearns for the annexation of all countries inhabited by a Slavonic population. The designs of Russia on Bohemia will probably hereafter produce a collision with Germany; but the concern of Austria in preventing the southward extension of Russian sovereignty is more immediate and more obvious. Unless Russia were supported by some foreign alliance, an invasion opposed by Turkey in front and by Austria on the flank would be entirely impracticable.

The configuration of the coasts and the interior renders an approach by sea far more attractive and advisable than by land, and accordingly successive Russian Governments have long prepared for a naval attack on Constantinople. The presence of a Russian squadron terrified the Porte into the acceptance of the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, by which the waters of the Black Sea were closed against all European flags. The great fortress and harbour of Sebastopol were constructed as a base for naval operations against Constantinople; and the Emperor NICHOLAS, in his rash reliance on the cowardice of the English Government, probably thought that he had nearly attained his object when he destroyed the Turkish fleet at Sinope. The Crimean War, as its historical title denotes, having been commenced without any definite plan of operations, resolved itself into a struggle for the destruction of the Black Sea fleet and arsenal; and its principal result was recorded in the stipulation which Russia now affects arbitrarily to expunge from the Treaty. A wiser, juster, and more relevant condition was never inserted in a treaty of peace; but covenants, however framed, have the inherent defect of not executing themselves. As one of the apologists of Russia points out, international contracts are so far of imperfect obligation, that no competent tribunal can be found to punish fraudulent breach of engagements. The Treaty of Paris was only secured by the solemn undertaking of all the Powers of Europe, and more especially by the consideration which Russia received in the form of escape from a disastrous and ruinous war. In the improbable event of a renewal or ratification of the essential clause by a Conference summoned to excuse the breach or evasion of its provisions, the new agreement of the Powers, including Russia, would again be only written on parchment. After ten or five years Mr. MILL might perhaps execrate those who appealed to a European award, and Mr. FROUDE would excuse a violation of the engagement by Russia as a fault of manner. If the controversy is to be reopened, it will be desirable to seek for a solution which may not be dependent on the good faith of the Government which issued the GORTCHAKOFF Note. One of the

most assiduous and experienced students of the foreign policy, and especially of the Eastern relations, of England, has for weighty reasons arrived at the conclusion that the treaty may be remodelled so as to satisfy the alleged susceptibilities of Russia, and at the same time to oppose a new and solid obstacle to unprincipled aggression. It will be worth the while of the English Government to consider whether the neutralization of the Black Sea may not be exchanged for a preferable alternative.

If all ships of war cannot be kept out of the Black Sea, all may be let in. Prince GORTCHAKOFF, with an ostentatious affectation of fairness, proposes to release the SULTAN from the prohibition against the entrance of the Turkish fleet into the neutral waters, but he carefully abstains from extending the same permission to the other European Powers. To a prospective naval duel with Turkey Russia entertains no objection; but the presence of an English, and perhaps a French, fleet in the Black Sea would alter the conditions of the contest. The expedient of opening the sea instead of closing it to warlike operations is comparatively cumbersome and costly; but an English fleet has an advantage over a Russian promise in its greater solidity, and in its power to take care of itself. In the London Clearing-house, accounts of hundreds of millions are adjusted by simple entries in books, without the exchange of a coin or a note; but if bankers could be persuaded by historians and moralists to become as untrustworthy as great nations, it might perhaps be necessary to substitute payment in money for a mere comparison of claims and liabilities. Captain MAXSE and other benevolent politicians who are shocked by restrictions on the free action of a great Power could not reasonably object to a licence conceded equally to Russia and to other maritime States. It would not be expedient to infringe the sovereignty of the SULTAN by making the passage of the Straits independent of his control, for it would always be for the interest of his Government to encourage the admission of friendly ships of war, and it is desirable that a possible invader and his allies should be liable to exclusion. The Russian fleet would have an advantage in the possession of harbours and arsenals of its own, but in time of peace foreign vessels would be entitled to hospitality in Russian ports, and Constantinople would at all times be available. If the proposal of reversing the present arrangement were opposed by the Russian Plenipotentiaries at a Conference, England and Austria might insist with unanswerable force on the proverbial proposition that a door must be open or closed. The change would perhaps be unpalatable to Turkey, but the protecting Powers have a moral right to choose the most desirable mode of performing their functions. The Porte cannot fail to be convinced that the security of a clause in a treaty with Russia is absolutely worthless.

THE FUTURE OF FRANCE.

PEACE may be near or far off. France may fight on if Paris is taken, and, retreating with her face to the foe, may die a thousand lingering deaths. But at last peace must come, and, in spite of all the determination expressed and often really felt, the resistance of France may collapse very quickly. But what then? Even the Frenchmen best acquainted with France seem to have no answer to give us. A Republic is, we are told, impossible. So is a Monarchy, and so is Imperialism. The question has even suggested itself to thoughtful minds whether there is anything to make us sure that the lot of France will be any better than that of the ordinary Spanish Republic, unable to guide itself, torn with violent passions, incapable alike of supporting and of dispensing with liberty. Two parties, as in the Spanish Republic, will be above all prominent. There will be the Socialist Republicans and the partisans of the clergy. Nothing at present but main force and the dread of a common enemy keeps these two parties from coming into daily collision. The Republicans of Marseilles and Lyons expel priests, shut up clerical schools, forbid the circulation of clerical newspapers. The bishops and their priests look on Garibaldians as malefactors, invent a thousand rumours to the discredit of the Revolutionary chiefs, and inculcate the doctrine that the Republic is but a noxious weed which will die away before the wholesome sunlight when peace is restored. M. DE LAVELEYE has written in the *Fortnightly* a very thoughtful paper on the future of France, and he points out that the two parties who will have derived increased strength from the war must be the two extreme parties. The workmen, the enthusiasts, the anarchists, the philanthropists, who make up the Revolutionary party, will enter on peace with a bitter feeling of the

humiliation to which they and their country have been subjected. But, although exasperated and indignant for the sake of France, they will have a high and probably exaggerated sense of the resistance to the enemy in the moment of despair which was in so large a degree due to their efforts and their courage. The Man of Sedan ruined France, and they failed to save her, but at any rate they tried to save her. They made France fight when fighting seemed hopeless. They succeeded at any rate so far that foreign journals who blamed France for prolonging the fight came round, forgot what they had said, and cried out that all the world must admire her spirited and useful resistance. At the same time the class on whose support the extreme Republicans rest will, after the war, be in most dreadful distress. French trade and French wealth were not built in a day, and will not be rebuilt in a day. There will be famine, disease, despondency, a fierce hatred of all who are more fortunate, a deadly jealousy of those who by daring to possess a competence perpetuate the memory of the invidious luxury which adorned the Court of the Second BONAPARTE. The sufferings of France after the war is over will be terrible. They may be of the unobtrusive sort, not much noticed or described by newspaper Correspondents, but they will be felt bitterly in daily life, and out to the very roots of family peace.

There are those who see in all this a happy augury. France, the eldest daughter of the Revolution, will found the Universal Republic. The workmen of France are the true pioneers of human freedom, around whose standard the democracy of England and Germany will gather. The great question between capital and labour will be solved in France by labour having all its own way, and Europe will imitate the great example. This may be the millennium before us, but surely it is a millennium of the remote future. If the Revolutionary party will be strengthened by the war, still more will the Clerical party be strengthened by it. M. DE LAVELLE appears to us to be quite right when he says that a time of such calamity as France has traversed will make men religious. The Kingdom of Heaven is for the poor. In her affliction France will turn to thoughts of the other world, and men can but adopt and intensify the religion with which they are familiar. They are not guided by any perception of theological truth, as to which they are as indifferent as they are ignorant. They want the solace of another world, the repose of acting in concert with a spiritual power. The terrible crisis of the Indian Mutiny awoke in the breasts of numbers who passed through that hour of extreme trouble a lively sense of religion and a pious enthusiasm, and as they were from their youth upwards acquainted with no other doctrines than those of Anglican Protestantism, they passed under the dominion of a sect, not because they had found out the doctrines of the sect to be true, but because the language of the sect was the only religious language they knew how to talk. The Church, moreover, in France will come forward as the only real unswerving Conservative force. The POPE, it will be said, has anathematized all modern ideas, all Revolutionary aspirations, all liberal sentiments, and the POPE is right. It is the Republicans who are really to be dreaded, and Republicanism justly boasts itself to be the final flower and outcome of modern Liberalism. The purely selfish Conservatism of Frenchmen, always so strong, will be stronger than ever after the war. The detested Prussians have taken so much that the first thing to see will be that the still more detested Republicans do not take away the rest. This is not a fancy picture. English Correspondents from every part of France, quite accidentally and naturally, and without any thought of acting in unison, keep sending reports of the extreme reluctance with which, even in their intense desire to serve France, Frenchmen come forward to serve the Republic. They avow, in the freedom of private conversation, that they think the Reds are worse than the Prussians. If they have to cede Alsace and Lorraine, at any rate they promise themselves the satisfaction of kicking M. GAMBETTA and his associates down all the steps that lead to the nethermost degradation. What the terrible BISMARCK has said so often is daily repeated by innumerable Frenchmen; and their conclusion, like his, is that the Government of National Defence thinks of itself, not of France, and prolongs the war on which its existence depends.

This may possibly be very untrue and very unjust, but in moments of great national excitement it signifies more what is said and felt than what ought to be said and felt. France in the last few weeks has shown a really heroic side; but it has also shown a side that is by no means heroic. It has even shown a side so unheroic that even so clear-sighted a judge as Count BISMARCK is said to often come back to the

calculation that it might put up with the ineffable degradation of allowing the released soldiers of MACMAHON and BAZAINE to restore the EMPEROR. The heroism of France is local and limited. The South absolutely refuses to come to the rescue of Paris; the West and the North have shown no real energy in the national defence. Individuals have come forward with noble alacrity from every part of France, but the plain fact is that the supreme appeal to France has fallen dead on a very large part of the population. Local interests and local sentiments have prevailed over the love of a common country. Perhaps no country would have shown itself in this respect superior to France, for who can say how any country would behave if tried in so fierce a fire of affliction as that through which France has had to pass? The most sincere homage of respect and admiration ought to be paid to those who did not despair of France after Sedan and Metz, who organized or composed new armies, and were ready to stake their lives on a contest as to the issue of which they were despondent. But the proportion of Frenchmen who have no heart for the war appears to us very great, and the whole weight of such men will be thrown into the scale of the party of reaction when the war is over. This party, too, will alone have a foreign policy which will offer immediate gratification to the national vanity. The priests will of course endeavour, directly they have a chance, to restore the Temporal Power, and Frenchmen may, as is the wont of men and nations, like to comfort themselves for the humiliation they feel by the humiliation they inflict. If they have been trodden under foot by Germans, they may at least hope to trample on Italians. A very Conservative Government, under some convenient prince, guided by the priests, and aiming at the restoration of the POPE to his dominions and the dissolution of the Italian Kingdom, is perhaps the most probable prospect that France has before her. But even if this Government is established it will be perpetually insecure. The Revolutionary element, also increased in strength by the war, will be there to confront it, and not one or a dozen defeats will wipe it out. The history of the Spanish Republics in which the clerical party has got the upper hand has not been a very bright one. And possibly France may have to meet a danger that is new to her. The political differences of Frenchmen appear to be getting localized. The North is said to be Orleanist; the West Legitimist; the Centre and East Imperialist; the South and the large towns Republican. France may split not only into political factions, but into territorial sections dominated by these factions. The Spanish Republics are always having little bits carved out of them in which some one who disagrees with some one else finds a home. Fancy runs on from step to step picturing the worst that can happen to France, for we naturally tremble for that for which we care, and the great importance of France to England has been abundantly illustrated in the last week or two. All that we can rely on to dispel the gloomy anticipations which the present state of France suggests is that unknown inappreciable element of greatness and strength and coherence which a great nation shows itself to possess simply by being great. We cannot state in words why we feel, but we still do feel, that France cannot somehow be like a Spanish Republic; and that things will in some way come right with such a people as the French. Still in political speculation we can only dwell on the facts that present themselves to us, and certainly the signs of the times in France are such as to inspire much melancholy and much anxiety for a nation so passionate, so noble, and so misled.

GENERAL BUTLER AT BOSTON.

GENERAL BUTLER'S insolent speech at Boston, although it is below intellectual criticism and moral censure, may perhaps portend mischief. The most prominent member of a class of politicians peculiar to the United States, General BUTLER scarcely pretends to self-respect, to honesty, or to regard for justice. His reasons for proposing an unprovoked war against England are stated with a candour which in other communities might be deemed imprudent. The Republicans, he says, are disunited on every question of importance; they have no recognised leaders; the Western members of the party oppose the demand of the Eastern Republicans for protection; and in the last Congress the Administration failed to carry any of its measures. If the process of disintegration continues, the Democrats may probably return to power, and carry the next Presidential election. If therefore becomes expedient to devise some popular policy on which the whole party can unite; and American tradition

points to the unfailing resource of hostile declarations against England. Only two years ago General BUTLER thought it possible to restore harmony to the party by proposing the partial repudiation of the National Debt, and he succeeded in inducing a large majority of the House of Representatives to adopt his proposal; but robbery of the public creditor has gone out of fashion, and now it seems better to make England pay the price of the restoration of harmony in the Republican party. The Emperor NAPOLEON commenced the present war with the analogous object of establishing his dynasty permanently on the Imperial throne; but he has never had the audacity to avow that he attacked Germany in pursuance of a domestic French intrigue. General BUTLER is bolder or more open, and he has not even thought it necessary to invent so respectable a pretext for war as the HOHENZOLLERN candidature. It is a simpler plan to make an ostentatiously insulting demand upon England, with the alternative, in case of refusal, of a declaration of war. In one of his speeches he was moderate enough to suggest that the cession of Jamaica, Bermuda, and Nassau would be accepted in full payment of the *Alabama* claims; but on another occasion he intimated that the whole of British America must be surrendered to the United States. It was troublesome to maintain Custom-houses on a land frontier of four thousand miles, and the union of the provinces into the Canadian Dominion was in itself an offence and menace to the United States. Perhaps General BUTLER may have been conscious that he was parodying the French quarrel with the North German Confederation. With a similar readiness to copy the worst European precedents he offers a plébiscite to be taken by separate provinces. "We will have nothing to do with your Dominion, which you put up to make an unfriendly Power on our Northern border, when you thought we should have a powerful enemy at the South in the successful Confederate States." Agents of the English or Canadian Governments are to be prohibited from interfering in the operation of voting, which is probably to be conducted by American Commissioners. It is not inconceivable that before the war M. ÉMILE DE GIRARDIN or M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC might have made a similar proposal with respect to the Bavarian Palatinate or to Rhenish Prussia. General BUTLER informs his audience that, when some of the Canadian provinces have voted for annexation, the remainder must necessarily after a time follow their example. The details of a scheme which is merely intended as an affront to England and an occasion of war scarcely require discussion.

When such outrages on right and decency are perpetrated, it is more material to ascertain the position and resources of the offender than to inquire into his motives. In some respects General BUTLER might be thought not to be a formidable enemy. By the best of his own countrymen he has been repeatedly denounced as the most discreditable specimen of an unscrupulous class. As an administrator he was loudly accused of pecuniary corruption; as a soldier he incurred the contempt and censure of his chief. In politics his most effective weapons have been bluster and calumny; and when he acted as a manager of the impeachment of President JOHNSON, his foul-mouthed violence provoked the indignation even of the ultra-Republican majority of the Senate. In all respects he resembles the CLEON of THUCYDIDES and ARISTOPHANES, except that he never achieved a casual military success. Unfortunately it is possible that he may also resemble CLEON in directing or influencing for a time the policy of the nation which tolerates him. His coarse vigour will make him, since the defeat of General SCHENCK in the recent election, the inevitable Republican leader in the House of Representatives, and although the strength of the party in the House has been largely diminished, a considerable section of the Democrats will always be ready to support hostile measures against England. General BUTLER has recently been again returned to Congress by the Fifth District of Massachusetts, which discredited itself by electing him when he appeared as the most prominent advocate of repudiation. Few American peculiarities are more puzzling to foreigners than the general indifference with which the language and proceedings of the House of Representatives are regarded. The members are rarely chosen, as in Utopia, for their wisdom and virtue, or, as in England, on account of their social and political importance; and the Constitution wisely provides that the House shall have no direct control of policy or administration. In ordinary times the debates attract little more attention than the discussions of the Convocation of Canterbury; but nevertheless a House of Representatives which expressed a strong popular feeling might, especially under the guidance of a skilful demagogue, exercise for a time considerable power. A determined majority acting

in concert with the PRESIDENT might perhaps balance the power of the Senate; and General BUTLER has some ground for hoping that he may control both the Executive department and the House of Representatives.

The Confederate leaders introduced a great improvement into their version of the American Constitution by lengthening the term of the Presidential office, and at the same time prohibiting re-election. It is a great evil that the head of the Government should devote himself during the latter half of his administration to the business of canvassing. The many plausible objections to hereditary power are outweighed, in the opinion of the majority of European statesmen and legislators, by the identification of the interests of the reigning family with the welfare of the State. The Americans have not succeeded in providing a similar security against the operation of selfish motives. A President who hopes for re-election is constantly tempted to prefer his party to his public duty, and himself to his party. In his former candidature General GRANT relied on his great and recent public services; and the most upright of his supporters hoped that they had at last discovered a President strong enough in reputation and public confidence to disregard factious and personal interests; but apparently General GRANT's political knowledge and ability were not proportionate to his military skill. During the war he had shown both generosity and judgment in the choice of his lieutenants, and in his cordial appreciation of their services; but apparently as an American and a soldier he thinks that any man is good enough for any civil office. His struggles against the domination of election managers and trading politicians have constantly become fainter; and his early attempts to assert his independence in the choice of his Ministers have been finally abandoned. Mr. HOAR and Mr. COX have been successively sacrificed to the remonstrances of partisans who complained that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and the SECRETARY of the INTERIOR preferred the efficiency of the Civil Service to the encouragement of Republican voters. General GRANT's concessions are necessarily attributed to his anxiety for re-election; and the professional politicians are prepared to play still further on his weakness. Mr. BOUTWELL, who notwithstanding his defects as a financier holds an independent position, is expected to resign the Treasury, and it is rumoured that Mr. FISH is to make room in the Department of State for General BUTLER. Such an appointment would indicate an immediate rupture with England, with the ulterior purpose of securing the election in 1872 of a patriotic soldier as President. Although the PRESIDENT cannot declare war without the assent of the Senate, he can at any time give directions to the army or the navy which would render war unavoidable. It would be unjust to the PRESIDENT to anticipate such a policy on his part; but it is known that General BUTLER has lately become one of his chief political advisers. During the last months of the war General GRANT stated, in a published despatch or general order, that General BUTLER and his forces might as well have been corked up in a bottle as have held the position which they had occupied throughout the campaign. In deference to the opinion of the General-in-Chief General BUTLER was dismissed from his command, and he remained without employment during the remainder of the war. It has since been remarked that he has become the eulogist and friend of General GRANT, although persons of his temperament are not in the habit of forgiving crushing slights without sufficient reason. Perhaps he could have secured no more effectual revenge than by becoming the political guide of his former military superior. General BUTLER understands far better than the PRESIDENT the manipulation of factions and of elections; but it would appear, from the correspondence on the resignation of Mr. COX, that he has found a docile pupil. It is unlucky that an English cruiser has had occasion to capture an American vessel for some real or supposed trespass on the Canadian fishing-grounds. It is true that the act may be justified if it is legal, and that there will be no hesitation in disavowing and repairing any error which may possibly have been committed; but on several recent occasions General BUTLER has endeavoured to fasten a quarrel on England in connexion with the fisheries, and even if the trespass which led to the capture was not committed at his instigation, he will not fail to take the opportunity of appealing to popular passion. There are probably many Americans who would disapprove of bloodshed and plunder deliberately planned for the benefit of political adventurers; but it is not the custom of the country to defend by public protest the cause of justice or morality, when it happens also to be the cause of England.

THE SCHOOL BOARD ELECTIONS.

IN reviewing the results of the elections for the London School Board, it is natural, in the first instance, to compare them with those which we indicated last week as likely to furnish the best working body. On the whole this review is encouraging. Mr. HASTINGS has been defeated in the City, but, with this exception, the list of successful candidates in this division is as good as it could well have been. Westminster is the only constituency which has returned the whole "ticket" and nothing but the ticket. How the cause of education is to be benefited by the preference of Mr. MUDIE, "the eminent librarian," over Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN it is difficult to see; and at any rate Lord SANDON might have given place with advantage to Lord HOWARD OF GLOSSOP. Lord EDWARD FITZMAURICE would have been a useful member, but the defeat of an extreme Secularist is a calamity which may be borne with resignation. In Marylebone Miss GARRETT and Professor HUXLEY have gained their seats; Miss GARRETT's position in particular bearing ample testimony to the enthusiasm of her sex or her patients. Mr. OAKLEY has been unsuccessful in Hackney, and the Board has thereby lost a capable and energetic administrator, as well as one who would have given useful help in dealing with the religious difficulty. The clergy, however, are by no means without representatives of their own order on the Board, and of the other groups into which we divided the candidates all but one have equally made good their claims. The three ladies who presented themselves have probably all been elected, but the exceptional reticence of the Returning Officer for Greenwich leaves this doubtful up to the moment of writing. The members of Parliament, the Roman Catholics, and the Dissenters have found abundance of supporters. The single exception is, no doubt, unfortunate. The general defeat of the working-men's candidates is the most curious feature in the election. The universal closing of the poll at eight in the evening, and the defective arrangements at some of the polling places, seem to have prevented some working-men from voting; but there is nothing to show that these obstacles had any important influence, except possibly in the case of Mr. POTTER, who came nearer success than any of his fellow-candidates. Before the next election such defect will no doubt be cured, but the causes which operated against the working-men's candidates will not be thereby removed. Those causes we believe to be partly the indifference, and partly the dislike or jealousy, of their brother-workmen. If there had been no ballot the result would probably have been different. In that case the organization of the working-class would have had full weight in the election, and the working-class voter who withheld his support from the candidate of his own order would have been a marked man. Something of the same thing was seen not long ago in the test ballot between Liberal candidates for the representation of Bristol, in which Mr. ODGER had considerably fewer votes than he had been able to poll at the previous open election. It is impossible that men should attain the sort of power possessed by Mr. POTTER or Mr. APPLEGARTH without giving frequent offence to those over whom it is exercised; and as soon as this can be shown without danger of identification, it is likely to be shown freely. In the case of a School Board election it may be hoped that the votes of the working-men were largely determined by the consideration who would know most about education; and judged by this commonsense standard, it is possible that some of their special candidates had the smallest claim on their support.

The success of the Roman Catholic candidates shows how largely the adoption of the cumulative vote would modify the composition of the House of Commons. In Parliamentary elections the Roman Catholic minority in England and Wales enjoy an intermittent possibility of finding an accidental representative in the member for some one small constituency; in the educational elections the same minority promise to command a share of the representation in every town in which they can muster any appreciable number of voters. It is evident from the numbers polled that the Roman Catholic tactics in these present elections have erred on the side of over-caution. They have been so unused to victory in popular contests, that they have distrusted their own strength, and aimed at making the return of one or two candidates certain, instead of attempting to carry their full proportion. Before the next election they will have learned better how to distribute their voting power.

In comparing the elections in London with those in the other great towns, it is impossible not to be struck with the general similarity of their results. The same fact presents itself everywhere, and this fact is the victory of the Denomi-

nationalists over the Secularists. We are bound to give this result the utmost possible prominence, because, we confess, it is one for which we were not prepared. That preference for a colourless Christianity which we expected to see manifested in the large towns has not yet shown itself. Two reasons may be assigned for this. One is the substitution late in the Session of the ratepayers for the Town Councils as the electoral body. This change has enabled the Church, and those of the Dissenters who on this point make common cause with her, to turn to account the vast machinery of organization which is latent in every religious community. The church or chapel is an admirable means of bringing the electors together; the Sunday-school teachers are a ready-made band of canvassers. Probably some attempt would have been made to bring these agencies to bear on the election of some town councillors, supposing these latter had been entrusted with the duty of nominating the School Boards. But it is easy to see under how many disadvantages an ecclesiastical machinery would have worked when education was only one out of many matters with which the officials to be elected would have had to concern themselves. Many a man has been led unresistingly to the poll during this last fortnight by his wife or daughter who would have been much less open to influence if the price of gas as well as the supply of education had been dependent on his vote. The second reason is the adoption of cumulative vote, which has enabled the Denominationalists in all cases to secure the election of some of their own nominees. In any well-constructed list of candidates there will be some who will command the votes of many electors on other than religious grounds, and if to these are added, when necessary, the accumulated votes of their co-religionists, their return at once becomes a certainty.

Still, after these explanations have been fully allowed for, the fact remains one of great and unforeseen importance. It does not necessarily falsify our predictions as to the working of the Act in towns, but it certainly postpones their accomplishment. The first School Board will be largely made up of men pledged to make primary education as religious a process as circumstances and the Act will allow. Mere Bible reading becomes, under a Board constituted in this way, a patent impossibility. The Bible must be explained as well as read, and the explanations must be something more than applied history or chronology. The success of the experiment will be determined, as it seems to us, by the choice the Boards make between the two methods of appointing schoolmasters. If they attempt to reconcile denominational differences by the choice of a teacher who shall possess the confidence of all sects and give offence to none, we look forward to nothing but failure. The religious difficulty will simply have been transferred from the electors to the elected, from the ratepayers to the School Boards, and transferred under conditions eminently unfavourable to a peaceful solution. If, on the other hand, they try the Liverpool expedient, and make the rate-supported schools virtually denominational, by appointing schoolmasters of the religion professed by the majority of the parents for whose children the school is intended, there is perhaps no reason why the compromise provided by the Act should not exist without material alteration for some time to come. It may not be the best solution of the problem, but at any rate it is a fairly good one, and it has the additional merit of condemning the doctrinaire Secularists to absolute and conspicuous defeat.

THE WAR OF 1870.

XX.

IT has been often said, with every appearance of probability, that we could never see in Europe any imitation of those strange struggles in the covert of forests which begat a new and special form of tactics in the great American War, and which, in the hands of the noble old General of the Confederates, whose loss the Southern States are just now deploring, ministered to feats of strategy of the very highest order. Yet we have lived, it seems, to witness a not unfitting parallel to it in one of the later episodes of this terrible European struggle, which perhaps hardly any among us dared to suppose could last with hardly diminished vigour into its twentieth week. We allude, of course, to the prolonged defence of Orleans by General D'AURELLE DE PALADINES by means of the forest which protects it, from the time of its recovery on the 9th of November.

We are aware that the parallel does not hold good throughout with any one of the Virginian campaigns of General LEE which may be selected. The troops thus voluntarily put upon the defensive in France are not inferior in number to those assembled to confront them; they are not veterans; their

commander's real object is not, in the ultimate resort, to resist attack, but to advance. In all these points the conditions of the Army of the Loire are just the reverse of those of the Army of Virginia. And yet the use made of his ground by General D'AURELLE for the twenty days following his first victory, to screen and protect him against the concentrating armies gathering before him, is so like what happened to the north of Richmond in 1862-3-4, that it is hardly possible to regard it as a mere undesigned coincidence. We would rather believe that the old General—for such, compared with his antagonists, he certainly is—has been endeavouring to conform his warfare to American example, at least for so long as was necessary to get his army into condition for pushing beyond the screen which has sheltered it these three weeks from the observation of friend and foe.

The history of the three weeks referred to appears, reviewed in brief, to be as follows. The victory of the 9th was less complete than it might have been, owing partly to the incapacity of General REYAU, who commanded on the French left. He was got rid of civilly enough four days later by an order removing all retired generals lately appointed to the staff; the bearing of which is so construed by GAMBETTA as to apply to those only whom it is not considered desirable to retain, for General D'AURELLE stands in the same list with the officer thus superseded. LONGUERUE, who had been under REYAU at the first, succeeded him, and D'AURELLE was promoted to the command of the whole Loire army, having at the time of the battle only had charge of two corps, his own and the Fifteenth. The former was now handed over to General PALLIÈRE, one of the officers promoted by GAMBETTA after the battle in recognition of the first success obtained by a French army in the war. But even before these arrangements were made, the General-in-Chief had to decide on either an immediate advance, or a return to the defensive attitude lately held whilst he lay to the south-west of Orleans. The considerations to be weighed ran probably as follows.

An advance by the right was out of the question, since it would have left the outward flank and rear exposed to the certain shock of the columns known to be upon their way to the Yonne under Prince FREDERIC CHARLES. A direct attack upon VON DER TANN, although he was understood to be reinforced considerably, seemed more hopeful. And yet, as the German position at Toury was back to back at about only thirty miles interval with the CROWN PRINCE's corps, the enemy would be easily reinforced to any extent if compelled to retreat, provided it proved impossible to communicate with Paris and obtain a diversion thence; and if checked before his guns were heard there, D'AURELLE would be arrested in an open country, with the expectation of being crushed by a flank attack whenever the Second Army got fairly over the Yonne. The third course (that supposed both at Versailles and here at one time to have been taken), the moving by the left on Chartres, to turn the Duke of MECKLENBURG's right, had the obvious danger with it of the French being cut off altogether from Orleans should a retreat be necessary, and so forced to the West, losing all connexion with those vast districts of Southern France which have raised and fed and equipped the Army of the Loire.

Such considerations, added to the real want of transport and of horse-power for the guns, outweighed in the councils at Orleans the obvious advantages to be gained by taking the offensive before the Second Army came up; and it was determined to await the latter before Orleans under shelter of the Forest, duly intrenched. Meanwhile those movements of Mobiles were made from Brittany towards Paris through Dreux, which for the time really imposed upon the Germans as a flank march of the Army of the Loire, and dislocated for a short space the whole of their operations about Paris.

Whilst the Duke of MECKLENBURG, leaving VON DER TANN to watch the direct roads from Orleans to Paris, moved off to meet this diversion, and discover its slenderness; whilst Prince FREDERIC CHARLES, having directed his march (no doubt by superior order) so as to keep between the enemy's right and Paris, came in so as to touch the Bavarian left at Pithiviers; the French general carried out his design of intrenching himself round Orleans under cover of the Forest of that name, which, though broken by many patches, covers in a rough way a belt of twenty-five miles long and ten wide, to the whole north and north-east of the city. Above Châteauneuf, a village fourteen miles further up the stream, a high range of hill lies for several miles along the northern bank, along which the forest extends, ending at its eastern extremity. Of the details of the manner in which the French have utilized their natural screen of wood we know nothing, except that vague report declares some of their works to be mounted with heavy guns. What is certain is, that the enemy were for many days wholly unaware

whether the main Army of the Loire was or was not thus concealed, and that the works continue to inspire respect, even after an action unfavourable to the French. For it appears that their right centre, advancing on the 28th, after preliminary skirmishes in that quarter on the 26th made for the purpose of feeling the Prussian position, fought a severe combat at Beaune, about twenty-five miles on the road from Orleans to Fontainebleau, and were repulsed with heavy loss, especially of prisoners. The object of the advance certainly appears to have been to open this high road, and so turn or pierce the Prussian left. The attack must have been an important one, since Prince FREDERIC CHARLES came up in person to aid the Tenth Corps, which was stationed there, with half the Third and a cavalry division. In his later reports the Prince intimates that the greater part of the Army of the Loire was concerned in this action; but it is noteworthy that this was not stated so by him at first, and that the numerous prisoners taken belong, all or nearly all, to a single one of the five corps said to be before Orleans. In consequence of this defeat, we are told that "the French army has withdrawn." This means, to their former position presumed; for the latest Tours telegrams continue to represent the affair as no more than a reconnaissance in force, and against their heavy loss in prisoners the French place the capture of a gun and some Prussians. The whole therefore appears as if the French had been issuing from their own lines rather to feel the enemy than to force their way through such defences as they might meet if he proved to be there in strength.

The advance of MANTEUFFEL on Amiens, suspended for a short time, as before noticed, has been completed with unchequered success to the German arms. After some skirmishes of little importance as the French advanced posts were driven in, the columns of GOEBEN's corps made their appearance on the 27th within twelve miles of the city, to the west and south-west. Afraid to defend the slight intrenchments they had thrown up outside the place, the French moved out—under General FAIDHERBE, it is said, who succeeded BOURBAKI—to meet the enemy. From the French account, taken independently, it is evident that only part of the Eighth Corps had had time to reach their front at first, and that at the first flanking movement the Mobiles gave way and deserted the Marines, their behaviour being as bad as anything witnessed in this war. On the 28th the city was peacefully surrendered, and GOEBEN is reported as already pursuing the fugitive Army of the North towards Arras and Lille, into which places it is to be presumed it will disappear if pressed. Where MANTEUFFEL's other corps is at present, or whether he will march next on Rouen, is not yet known. The cutting off, by General BRIAND, of a cavalry detachment which had been pushed towards that city, may very likely but hasten its fate.

In the West the Grand Duke of MECKLENBURG found no difficulty in driving off the Mobiles whom he had met at Dreux, confusedly into Brittany. On the 26th he was within a day's march of Le Mans, a city poorly protected by the vicinity of the camp lately formed under KÉRATRY, now superseded. No doubt his pausing thus near it was in consequence of orders from Versailles, or from Prince FREDERIC CHARLES, in pursuance of which he was next heard of moving as though about to turn, or at least molest, the left of D'AURELLE's line of defence, or possibly to rejoin the PRINCE's right.

In the East there is little to report, except that GARIBALDI has already thrown away the prestige gained by his son's success, in an ill-advised attempt on the outposts of Dijon, where General WERDER's head-quarters are still found to be. That general has evidently been retained there under orders to subordinate his own operations to keeping the main communications of the Germans free from molestation from the Corps of CREUZOT and GARIBALDI. The latter's advance on Dijon was repulsed with ease, and with severe loss to his leading brigade, that under his son MENOTTI. La Fère, on the Oise, a place destitute of bomb-proof cover, and so quite untenable against shells, surrendered on the 27th. Saving only the little hill fortresses of Bitsche and Phalsburg—the latter, as we learn from a Prussian source, once more vainly bombarded on the 25th—the communications of the German armies are now entirely unimpeded.

If not actually arrived—as diarists of the war for the fifth or sixth time inform us—the crisis of France is evidently not far off. Every one of common sense must be able to judge that the chances of relieving Paris by efforts from within alone are heavily against Trochu, even were his hands not fettered by the intestine divisions of the Republicans. On the other hand, the strange improvidence of former War administrations, which has left the capital well fortified, and yet without any secret means of communication with the provinces, has effectually

barred any attempt to combine thoroughly the operations on the Loire with those within the circle of investment. At last, therefore, Trochu, quickened by the growing murmurs at his inaction and the increasing distress visible within the city, judged the time to be come when a determined effort must be made to test the strength of his newly-formed levies. So, after various feigned attacks to the south and south-west to divert the enemy's attention, on the 30th he finally led DUCROT's Active Army at various points across the deep loops of the Marne beyond Charenton, on the south-east of the city. The shock fell on the Wurtembergers, who were driven back, and for a time it would seem as if DUCROT would have forced his way completely through that portion of the investing circle; but in the afternoon the Wurtemberg division, strongly supported by Prussian troops, in spite of other sallies made to the north and south, won back most of its ground, the French, however, still retaining at dark some of the villages in which they had lodged themselves on the left bank of the river. One of these, certainly, Champigny, as the *Times*' Special Correspondent telegraphs, remained in their hands on Thursday morning, affording an important point from which to debouch again if their men are still in heart. The news of the first success being instantly conveyed beyond the Prussian lines by balloon, has awakened vast enthusiasm elsewhere, and has caused GAMBETTA to promise immediate action on the part of D'AURELLE. GARIBALDI's discomfiture in the East, too, has been reported as partly redeemed by the repulse on the 30th of a small column of troops advanced by WERDER along the great Lyons road, to follow up his success over the Irregulars which had rashly attempted Dijon. But upon the fate of Paris at present all minor combinations of necessity hang; and the fate of Paris, as we have before pointed out, depends above all on the moral power which the chiefs within can exercise over their numerous but untried levies.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING'S LAST PASTORAL.

DR. MANNING'S long-promised Pastoral on the Vatican Council has at length appeared, and will be found to answer the expectations formed of it, whether by friend or foe. Of all the official comments on the infallibilist decree that have yet appeared it is the most thoroughgoing, not to say unscrupulous, in its assertions both of principle and of fact; of the sort of arguments by which they are supported we shall have something to say presently. Meanwhile, as we have not often the pleasure of being able to agree with the Archbishop, we seize the earliest opportunity of admitting that on one point we are entirely in accord with him. Of the various bishops, whether originally infallibilists or not, who have publicly announced their acceptance of the new dogma, he is, so far as we are aware, the only one who has fairly taken the bull by the horns, and has not in the same breath affirmed Papal infallibility and enunciated principles which directly, or by inevitable logical consequence, contradict it. Monstrous as that dogma is, when once its true significance is realized, it is far better that it should be put forward in all its naked deformity than shrouded in a haze of words, or maintained in theory while its meaning is artfully evaded as soon as the theory comes into awkward collision with truths generally recognised or with the facts of history. Such praise as this Dr. Manning may certainly lay claim to, but there our praise ends. His Pastoral is divided into five chapters—the first dealing with the history of the Vatican Council; the second and third with its decrees; the fourth with the bearing of history upon them; and the last enumerating the testimonies of certain English Roman Catholic writers on the subject. We cannot, of course, do more here than glance at some of the salient points of this elaborate apology for infallibilism, but it will not be difficult within our present limits to indicate the general drift of his argument.

And first let us say a word on the "History of the Council." The Archbishop begins by observing that no official record of the proceedings has yet appeared; as neither, we might add, have the official records of the Council of Trent yet been suffered to see the light. That he should then proceed at once to fall foul of the newspaper Correspondents—whose accounts, we are assured, are the precise "reverse" of the truth—and should, above all, assail the only authentic record which really has appeared, in the Letters of "Quirinus" in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, was of course to be expected. No doubt "Our Own Correspondent" has given frequent opportunities to his critics, ourselves included, of making merry with his roving fancies, yet even here Dr. Manning is often more fierce than forcible in his criticisms. One journal, for instance, is severely taken to task for falsely asserting that nearly all the parish priests of Rome had refused to sign a petition for the new dogma, and omitting afterwards to state that in fact they did unanimously sign it. They did, but it was under strong moral pressure, and the statement of their original refusal was in substance, if not in form, perfectly correct. As to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, Dr. Manning prudently confines himself to quoting the strictures of Bishop Ketteler, of which we have so recently spoken that our readers are by this time pretty well aware of their value. Why it should be urged over and over again as a special grievance against the English

translation both of these Letters and of *Janus*, that they "are published by a Protestant bookseller" (Mr. Rivington), is hardly obvious, seeing that this very Pastoral, together with a long list of works by the same author advertised on the cover, is published by Mr. Longman, who is also, if we are not mistaken, a Protestant. We may add that the Archbishop's eloquence would be more effective if he were a little more sparing of his abuse. Fixed epithets like "the infamous book *Janus*" become, like Homer's "rosy-fingered morn," at last somewhat tedious by repetition. As to the writer's own account of what passed at Rome and in the Council, it is, as he himself insists, so startlingly unlike what is reported by other authorities who, we must add, had the same opportunities of observation as himself, that one is driven to conclude that either they or their critic—people will of course form their own opinions as to which—must have seen the events passing under their eyes through a very "discoloured medium" indeed. Thus, to take a single instance, we are assured that the alleged scene of tumult when Strossmayer was interrupted is a pure invention, and that no break ever occurred in the "majestic unity, gravity, and dignity of the Council." Well, a distinguished German bishop, describing the conduct of the majority on that occasion to a friend immediately afterwards, said he "could only compare them to a herd of wild cattle." And so gross did the partiality of the Presidents appear to the minority in denouncing Strossmayer and not attempting to call his assailants to order, that a formal complaint was addressed to them on the subject. Of course all this may have been merely, an unaccountable hallucination, but the two accounts can hardly be true together. In other cases Dr. Manning's account, even supposing it to be accurate in its assertions, is not a little remarkable for its suppressions. Thus he informs us that, at the first Session of July 18, only two of the 88 *Non placets* of the previous week repeated their negative vote; but he omits to add that all of them but one, and several other bishops besides, signed a protest reaffirming that vote, and left Rome before the final Session was held, while many bishops who were still there purposely absented themselves. We are told again that there were "a certain number of bishops" who thought the definition inopportune, but not five who denied the doctrine. Why, there are more than five among the most eminent members of the Council—men like Darboy, Dupanloup, Schwarzenberg, Hefele, Kenrick, Strossmayer—who openly challenged the doctrine in their speeches or published writings, and many more who were notoriously opposed to it. A great point, again, is made of the solemn condemnation by the Legates, with "an immense majority" of the Council, at the last General Congregation on July 16, of "two slanderous pamphlets" with which our readers may have some acquaintance—*Ce qui se passe au Concile*, and *La Dernière Heure du Concile*. But Dr. Manning forgets to add that the loudest in their condemnation were Italians and Spaniards, who, being mostly ignorant of French, had not read, and could not read, either pamphlet; that all the bishops were required to subscribe the condemnation in writing, which the minority indignantly refused, Haynald pointedly rebuking the conduct of the Legates; and last, but not least, that every one knew perfectly well that the Archbishop of Paris was the author of *La Dernière Heure*, and that the other condemned pamphlet was composed by a layman under his sanction and that of other French bishops.

Perhaps, however, Dr. Manning's vindication of the freedom of the Council is the strangest part of his apology. It is difficult, he thinks, to believe that the accusation of a want of liberty—urged, be it remembered, repeatedly both by the minority in corporate protests and by many of its individual members—could be sincere, "for many reasons." The first reason is that that "there was one rule for both majority and minority." Certainly there was, but as the majority, or, in other words, the wirepullers of the Curia, who managed them, could always enforce the rule for their own ends, and the minority could only passively submit to it, the point of the argument is obscure. Secondly, we are told that the regulations "afforded the amplest liberty of debate." The regulations made debate, properly speaking, impossible. No bishop could speak except in the fixed order of seniority, or speak more than once, and no previous speaker whose arguments were assailed, or his statement wholly misrepresented, was allowed to reply—with one exception, however, which Dr. Manning characteristically omits to mention. Any member of "the Deputation of twenty-four," all sound infallibilists, could speak whenever he chose and as often as he chose. "The only limit upon this freedom of discussion consisted in the power of the Presidents, on the petition of ten bishops, to interrogate the Council whether it desired the discussion to be prolonged." It was "the only limit" which the majority or the Curia could desire, as it entitled them by the simplest process to stop any discussion that had become inconvenient; and accordingly it was ruthlessly used, as was natural, at the critical moment for abruptly closing the debate on infallibility, and thereby silencing several of the most distinguished members of the Opposition who had inscribed their names to speak. The immediate result, of which the Pastoral of course says nothing, was an international meeting of above eighty bishops at Cardinal Rauscher's, and a strong protest against this violation of justice. Of the outrage on the Chaldean Patriarch and the scolding administered by the Pope to Cardinal Guidi, we of course hear nothing. Nor is even the Bull of Censures once referred to.

Still more wonderful is Dr. Manning's "direct denial" of the infallibilist definition being the real, if not sole, object of summoning the Council, as Archbishop Darboy publicly

asserted in his speech of May 20, and as an abundance of incontrovertible facts conspires to prove. He even thinks it a singularly providential dispensation that the concluding *Monitum* attached to the dogmatic Constitution on Faith—which *Monitum* the Opposition so bitterly resented, and the Pope so pertinaciously insisted on retaining—should have “unconsciously” paved the way for the next Constitution on Infallibility; “if the first Constitution had been designedly framed as an introduction, it could hardly have been more opportunely worded.” We quite think so. And there was a second “remarkable” and undesigned coincidence in the Council having—in spite, we may observe, of Darboy’s vigorous protest against the absurdity of such an inversion—“inverted the natural order” by taking the *Schema* on the Primacy before the *Schema* on the Church. It never of course occurred to Pope or Council that the *Schema* on the Primacy might happen to be deferred *sine die* if the order was not inverted. To all this we can but say, *O sancta simplicitas!* And the same comment applies to the author’s statement, which we must presume to be serious, that he never heard of the notorious design for carrying the dogma by acclamation, which was twice foiled at the last moment by the determined attitude of certain individual prelates. When he expresses his hope that we shall hear no more of the “uncatholic and dangerous assertion” that no definitions of a Council are binding before it closes, we are almost afraid he may be disappointed, as that view is known to be taken by a large number of bishops, some of his own suffragans included, and indeed by many Roman theologians, though not those immediately about the Pope, being based on the precedents of all former Councils. He is rash in assuming the agreement of the German bishops who refused to sign the Fulda Pastoral, including Hefele, and still more rash in asserting that the leading bishops of Austria and Hungary have declared their assent. They have as yet made no public declaration either way, but the leading Austrian bishops, and the Hungarian bishops to a man, are well known to be absolutely opposed to the dogma. There is only one other point in Dr. Manning’s vindication of the policy of the Curia that we shall notice here. Frequent complaints were made of the immense preponderance of Italian prelates, who formed more than one-third of the whole assembly, and of the large numbers of titular bishops with no sees, many of whom were created by the Pope during the previous year to swell the majority. The Archbishop replies by denouncing, as a denial of “the supernatural order,” the notion that bishops bear witness to the faith of their flocks; they simply bear witness to “the objective faith of the Church,” which is somehow infused into them at their consecration when “they are admitted to the *Ecclesia docens*, and the divine tradition of the faith is entrusted to their custody.” And accordingly there is no difference between “the humblest Vicar Apostolic and the bishop of the most populous and imperial city in Christendom.” Whether this is sound theology it is not for us to say; but the notion which Dr. Manning thinks so “strange” and unsupernatural was not only urged but acted upon at the Œcumenical Council of Constance, where there was also a large preponderance of Italians, and where it was resolved, expressly in order to secure the representative character of the Council, which was so conspicuously wanting at the Vatican Synod, that votes should be taken by nations and not by individuals.

There is no need, even if we had space, to dwell at equal length on the doctrinal portion of the Pastoral, which contains little that is new, and traverses ground we have often before had occasion to go over in connexion with the Council and its decrees. A few remarks, however, will be in place in reference to the author’s explanation of the dogma and his defence of it. One point is left as ambiguous as ever, for to tell us that the Pope speaks *ex cathedra* whenever he speaks “as the Pastor and Doctor of all Christians,” is to leave the matter just where it was before, there being some twenty different opinions among Ultramontane divines as to when he does so speak. But it is pretty clear, from what follows on the subject-matter of infallibility, that Dr. Manning himself would shelter as wide a range of Papal decisions as the *Dublin Review* under the broad regis of infallibility. And, if the Pope is infallible at all, he is quite consistent in doing so. We are first, indeed, told that infallibility extends only to the “deposit of revelation”; but then it is soon afterwards explained that this includes all that is “in contact” or in conflict with revealed truth; in simpler words, every subject under the sun. It includes natural science; it supersedes criticism, for the Church, or Pope, may infallibly define “the authenticity of certain texts or versions of Scripture,” as the Vulgate; it dispenses with historical evidence, for it is infallibly ruled “that St. Peter was Bishop of Rome”; it decides questions of fact, as in the famous decision that the *Augustinus* of Jansen was heretical “in the sense intended by the author”; and, finally, the Pope is infallible in all censures of opinions, not only as heretical, but as rash, scandalous, offensive, and the like. He was infallible in condemning Galileo. A long string of patristic testimonies to “the infallible faith of Peter and his successors,” as proved by our Lord’s words (Luke xxii. 32)—which no single writer before Pope Agatho in 680 applies to Papal prerogatives—is appended, of which it is sufficient to observe here that not one of them proves, or really touches, the point at issue, even taking them as they stand in Dr. Manning’s pages; and we suspect their irrelevancy would be still more conspicuous if the context was to be examined. That task, however, must be left to professed theologians. One specimen—and it shall be taken from Dr. Manning’s highest authority, St. August-

tine—is all we can find room for here. The extract runs thus:—“The whole body of the Church speaks, that is, the Universal Church. And the Lord said to Peter, ‘I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not,’ that is, that the word of truth be not [utterly] taken out of thy mouth.” But between the two sentences thus tacked together seven or eight lines of the original are omitted, and the passage has not the slightest reference to any prerogative of St. Peter, still less of his successors, or to doctrinal orthodoxy at all. St. Augustine is explaining Ps. cxviii. v. 43, by saying that the word of truth is never utterly (*usque valde*) taken away from the Church, because, if many fail under persecution, many stand firm, and many who had fallen repent, and even gain the crown of martyrdom, as was foreshadowed in St. Peter, who was “a type of the Church.” After this it is clear that no reliance can be placed on any testimony quoted in the Pastoral without careful verification. Several of the passages quoted from English Roman Catholic writers—notably those from the three greatest, More, Fisher, and Cardinal Pole, who might be expected from their peculiar circumstances to use strong language about the Pope—are also wide of the mark. But we must hasten on to notice in conclusion the Archbishop’s highly characteristic treatment of the evidence of history, which to the ordinary and unenlightened intellect is so fatal to the infallibilist claim. This he hardly cares to deny. But then for Catholics “there is an ultimate judge” who supersedes history. There is a feeble attempt indeed to argue that it is unscientific “to reject the cumulus of evidence which surrounds the infallibility of 256 Pontiffs, because of the case of Honorius, even if supposed to be”—as it certainly is—“an insoluble difficulty.” But Dr. Manning seems to be dimly aware that this way of stating the case is not very persuasive, as “the cumulus of evidence” happens to be all the other way. So he soon takes refuge in the short and easy method of settling the question by laying down as “a principle of faith” that “all difficulties from human history are excluded by prescription,” and an opposite statement of objections quoted from a pamphlet by one of the Opposition bishops—if we remember rightly, Schwarzenberg—is quietly put aside as based on a “principle of heresy.” In short, “the living voice of the Church” has triumphed over the plainest facts of history, and we have only to shut our eyes and all will at once become clear to us. “This being so,” he sums up with edifying gravity, “it cannot be said that there exist grave difficulties, from the words and acts of the Fathers, from the genuine documents of history, and from the Catholic doctrine itself,” against the new dogma. It certainly cannot; if A. infallibly defines that the grass is sky-blue and the sky pea-green, and if A. can alone determine the extent of his own infallibility, clearly “it cannot be said” that there are any difficulties from the apparent testimony of the eyes against B. accepting his definition.

In an appendix nearly half as long as the Pastoral, Dr. Manning gives us various *pieces justificatives*, including sundry documents emanating from the majority at Rome or from the Council and its officials. It is perhaps by an oversight that neither here nor in the body of the work is there the slightest reference to any of the various petitions and protests issued by the bishops of the minority, or any of the writings of its individual members. Pastorals do not, like sermons, require a text; but if we might offer the writer a suggestion for his next edition, *Vœ victis* would be the most appropriate motto for the title-page.

MR. LOWE AND COLONEL TOMLINE.

WE have been much interested and profoundly puzzled by the recently published correspondence between Mr. Lowe, Colonel Tomline, and the 196 labourers. We need not recapitulate the arguments in Mr. Lowe’s letter. It would be impossible to put the case more simply and clearly than he has done; and the matter is not one of much intrinsic interest, excepting as incidentally illustrating the characters of two remarkable men. Mr. Lowe may be said to have given an unanswerable proof of his capacity as a public instructor. We have not always agreed with his political theories, and we have had to find fault with some of his theories on education. But, if Mr. Lowe should by any misfortune be turned out of office, reduced to poverty, and compelled to make a living by giving instruction to children in political economy, we should be delighted to bear testimony to his admirable qualifications for the task. Such things occasionally happen to statesmen; and if a Provisional Government should ever be formed by Professor Beesly and Mr. Congreve, it is not improbable that Mr. Lowe may be reduced to the position of the French *émigrés* of a past generation. The only difficulty is that, if that consummation should take place, the study of political economy will probably be forbidden, and Mr. Lowe might find it difficult to become a professor of sociology according to the gospel of Comte. Meanwhile we can only express our admiration for the terseness and clearness of his answer to poor Colonel Tomline. We could have wished that some more plausible sophistry had been put forward by that unfortunate theorist, that we might have had the pleasure of witnessing its dissection at the same hands. We have the same uncomfortable sense of inequality in the combatants which the spectators would feel in a Spanish bull-fight, if a first-rate matador, after despatching his legitimate enemy, were set to encounter a sheep. Colonel Tomline certainly receives a knock-down blow; but a more clumsy hand would have been sufficient to deal the fatal stroke. We do not want to summon an Ajax to overpower such helpless creatures. This,

however, does not diminish the value of the service. The man who slays a fallacy deserves the same sort of credit as the champions who formerly destroyed poisonous dragons; and we would suggest for Mr. Lowe's consideration the propriety of his making a tour in the provinces in the next summer vacation, and giving elementary lectures on the principles of economical science. Mr. Cole, we feel certain, would be delighted to put some of the schools of the Science and Art Department at his service; or perhaps a fitting audience might be collected under the roof of the gigantic Hall of Omniscience. Ministers have recently set the example of such popular allocutions, and they have not always confined themselves to such innocuous matter.

So much for one of the parties to the controversy; but we confess that we are more interested by Colonel Tomline. We regret to be compelled to confess that our knowledge of that gentleman's antecedents is not so extensive as we could wish. That he is a member of Parliament, a man of property, and engaged in reclaiming land from the sea, are facts which pretty well sum up our information as to his position. But our curiosity is strongly excited by the peculiarity of his habits as incidentally revealed in this correspondence. It seems, in the first place, that Colonel Tomline must be in the habit of keeping by him large lumps of standard silver. That in itself is a rather unusual practice, but might be explained if we were more familiar with his circumstances. Then it seems that, when he wants to pay wages to his men, his only plan for turning such valuable property to account is to take it to the Mint and have it coined into shillings. We have no objection to confess that, in our own domestic retirement, we very seldom have large masses of solid silver in its rude or any other state. The most experienced burglar in London might search our premises without discovering silver nuggets lying about loose, or indeed lumps of any raw material more valuable than coal. There is, however, a certain rude magnificence about the practice, though it has generally been abandoned since the period of the flint implements. It savours of the old Arcadian days, when people paid in cattle instead of money, and, if they came upon masses of precious ore, were unable to mould it into more convenient shapes. If, however, Colonel Tomline were a consistent barbarian, he might pay his debts as they do at the diggings, in rough lumps of silver. The effect, indeed, of the invention of coining upon his mind has been most singular. He appears to be under the impression that it deprives the uncoined metal of all intrinsic value, and that therefore nobody will purchase it except the Master of the Mint. He might thus starve in the midst of fabulous wealth. His house might be filled with masses of silver; the land which he is reclaiming might be solid silver, like the island which was discovered, or said to be discovered, the other day in Lake Superior; and yet poor Colonel Tomline might be sitting on his masses of bullion like some gnome in the bowels of the mountains, and starving, because Mr. Lowe did not want to buy from him. If he had adopted that attitude it would not have been wanting in a certain dignity. It would have brought the argument to an unmistakable issue. Colonel Tomline would have exhibited himself in a state of starvation; with the hardhearted Master of the Mint refusing to buy his commodity. One of two things must have followed. Either Colonel Tomline would have starved, with the consolation of being a martyr to sound views on the currency question; or he would have discovered that his mode of reasoning was in some way defective. We cannot imagine a more impressive way of raising the problem; and Colonel Tomline, as a genuine zealot, should have rejoiced in the reflection that his emaciated skeleton imbedded in piles of solid, but uncoined, silver would bring his countrymen to their senses and necessitate a reform of the law. Unluckily Colonel Tomline has introduced a variation upon the argument which materially affects its logical value. He has tried the experiment on 196 labourers instead of on himself. He shows them starving in presence of a hundred pounds' worth of silver, and considers his dilemma to be unanswerable. There is one trifling defect in it. If he had given them each a lump of raw silver, and they had been unable to get anything for it at a pawnbroker's shop, for example, the argument would have been good as far as it went. But as he keeps the precious metal himself, all that he really proves is the obvious fact that, if labourers get neither silver nor shillings, they must starve or go to the parish. The essence of the experiment consisted in this, that people who were under the strongest possible inducement to turn their property into food and clothing could not do it; but, in the experiment which he has tried, persons who want the food and clothing have not got the metal, and the man who has the metal is under no particular inducement to change it for other commodities, except the desire—apparently a very faint one—of paying poor men their wages. This little oversight vitiates the whole process. It is as if a man should say, I will prove that a man who wears a certain life-belt will inevitably be drowned in a pond. To establish this, he does not get into the pond himself with the life-belt, which would at any rate be a crucial experiment, but puts 196 other men into the pond, and stands with their life-belts on the bank. He refuses to hand them to the men, and exclaims triumphantly that they are all drowning as fast as possible.

This indeed is the unpleasant part of the proceeding. Colonel Tomline is convincing 196 men that they are victims of Mr. Lowe's cruel injustice by behaving unjustly to them himself. We have some hope that the whole proceeding is little more than a parable put into action. The letter written by the 196 men is, as we gather from internal evidence, the composition of the

Colonel himself, or has at least been revised by him. The sum for want of which he is unable to pay them is only 100*l.*; and the wages of 196 men for a week at 1*s.* (the sum mentioned) amount to 147*l.* This being so, they only lose by this transaction about 10*s.* a-piece, which we hope will not be a sufficient loss to bring them permanently upon the parish. As Colonel Tomline cannot wish to do them so serious a mischief, we would suggest to him that, if possible, he should in future obtain gold instead of silver, and present three sovereigns to each set of four men. Even Mr. Lowe will be compelled to coin all his bullion in this case; and probably the 196 will somehow manage to get change. Colonel Tomline can surely not have very many hundred pounds' worth of solid silver lying about in his establishment.

We shall venture to draw two rather obvious morals from this story. The first is that currency questions seem to act like a poisonous drug upon the minds of many men. There are many respectable men who can talk as if they were capable of managing their affairs, who have a tolerable perception of the advantages of Free-trade, and can form a rational opinion on many questions connected with commercial business. As soon as some demon whispers to them, Have a theory about the currency, they seem to take leave of all their reasoning powers. Not only does a thick fog envelop their understandings and lead them to wander hopelessly in the intricacies of all kinds of complex arguments, but they are generally possessed with a most distressing desire to bestow their tediousness upon the world at large. They become bores of the most terrible kind known to humanity. They inflict torments as much more fearful than those due to pests of a different variety as the cobra is more poisonous than our common viper, or the mosquito than the domestic British gnat. The mere sight of a currency theorist is generally sufficient to put the most intrepid logician to flight; and if he unfortunately explodes at a dinner-table—we have known such things happen, incredible as it may appear—the wine loses its flavour, and the vivacity of the most brilliant wit goes out like a candle in the bad air of a deserted mine. We may regard it as a special piece of good fortune when such a person hits upon an absurdity so grotesque that it is rather amusing even to the uninitiated mind.

And our second moral is that all our legislators cannot be chosen, as we had always fondly imagined, for their extraordinary wisdom; for either the Chancellor of the Exchequer or a member of Parliament has fallen into a stupendous fallacy. The fact is too startling for further comment.

SQUEEZABLE CANDIDATES.

SOME of the Ministerial papers have made haste to rejoice over the Newport election, as breaking the "spell of defeat" against which candidates of their party have of late been vainly struggling. Prudence might have counselled waiting till the filling up of the next vacancy before indulging in too confident congratulations on a change of fortune, and it is possible, without resorting to any theory of the evil eye, to conceive substantial and not very obscure reasons why the followers of the Government should not enjoy a large share of popular favour at the present moment. In itself a vote more or less in Mr. Gladstone's majority is a trivial matter. As far as mere numbers go, that majority is still practically sufficient to secure to its leader the command of the House of Commons. But Mr. Gladstone has himself warned us, with characteristic solemnity, that votes must be weighed as well as counted; and from this point of view it is impossible to resist some serious misgivings as to the tendency of the last and other recent elections. Candidates are now habitually subjected to a process of squeezing, by organized agitators, which they have not apparently the strength of mind to resist, and which cannot fail to produce a most degrading and disastrous effect on the assembly which is composed of elements thus chosen and manipulated. A great deal of ingenious legislation has been contrived for the purpose of preventing bribery and corruption, and in their grosser forms these offences have probably been checked. Unfortunately, there are other forms of corruption, less palpable but more mischievous, which legislation cannot reach. A doctor has often to be on his guard against driving a disease merely out of sight, at the risk of transferring it from some spot where it is offensively conspicuous but does no deep-seated harm to some other part where, though less apparent, its insidious ravages are far more deadly in their effect. Of course it is very shocking that men should sell their votes for a few shillings or a few pounds, for a gallon of cheap ale or a heavy dose of rum. But, after all, there is something even worse than constituents selling themselves to candidates, and that is, candidates selling themselves to constituents. It has never been shown that the acceptance of a bribe by a voter implies a criminal disposition which seeks vent in other ways; a man may take a bribe without being any nearer picking a pocket or forging a cheque. An imperfect moral sense on this point is quite compatible with undoubted honesty in other matters. Whatever demoralization a voter undergoes by disposing of his vote for money or money's worth is insignificant compared with the demoralization of a candidate who consents not merely to hide or disguise, but publicly to repudiate and renounce, his own convictions. It is to the spread of this kind of corruption that the conditions under which elections are now conducted appear to us to tend. A knot of energetic fanatical persons take up some question in which they are interested—the prohibition of the liquor trade, the abolition of the Contagious Diseases Acts, or something of the

kind—and persecute candidates into giving them a pledge of support. The candidate is sure to be told by his agent that the annoyance and vexation which these people have it in their power to cause are incalculable. Whatever he says or does, short of an unqualified surrender to their behests, is certain to be misrepresented in the most cruel and persistent manner. Garbled extracts from his speeches, bitter personal attacks, will be placarded on all the walls, and introduced at every meeting. The Contagious Diseases question has especial terrors for most candidates, since it is one from the public discussion of which the mind naturally revolts, especially a discussion conducted with the obscene frankness in which many of the opponents of the Acts delight to luxuriate. The consequence probably is, that the candidate begins by trying to palter with the question, gives a half-and-half promise to do what is wanted on certain conditions, and is finally driven into an absolute engagement without any conditions at all. The Newport election illustrates this state of things in so striking a manner that it is worth while to study it in detail.

The two candidates at Newport were Mr. Chas. Clifford (Liberal) and Mr. H. Martyn Kennard (Conservative). We do not know what authority the organ of the National Association for the Repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts has for its assertion that Mr. Clifford "was well known to be in favour of the Acts." The statement is oddly coupled with an incidental remark that his father is Usher of the Black Rod, and that he himself was Secretary to Lord Palmerston. The view of the obnoxious Acts attributed to Mr. Clifford is perhaps supposed by the editor to be a logical and inevitable deduction from such personal antecedents. However that may be, it is clear that Mr. Clifford at the outset was disposed to think there was something to be said for the Acts, and was not at any rate prepared, on the eve of a searching and authoritative inquiry into their operation, to condemn them utterly before hearing the evidence on the subject. This was Mr. Clifford's first reply to the agent of the Association:—

Newport, Isle of Wight, November 11, 1870.

My opinion respecting the Contagious Diseases Act is, that pending the inquiry which the Government have promised to institute, it would be premature on my part to give a pledge, either one way or the other. I am, however, prepared to promise that should the majority of my constituents wish for the total repeal of the Act, I will vote for the same.

I am decidedly of opinion that the Act in many of its details is very objectionable.

CHARLES C. CLIFFORD.

When Mr. Clifford wrote this letter he was of course aware of the nature of the opposition he had to expect from the Association, and was naturally anxious to conciliate them as far as possible. We may fairly assume that if he had been, on conviction, hostile to the Acts, he would have hastened to say so, and that, as he did not say so, he in some degree approved them. Mr. Clifford was in the position of a man seeking to be elected to serve on a jury, and he was asked to pledge himself beforehand that no matter what evidence might be forthcoming, no matter what unexpected disclosures or what overwhelming weight of testimony, he would shut his eyes and ears to all of it, and return a verdict of wholesale and unqualified condemnation, in accordance with the preconceived judgment of his bigoted and fanatical mentors. To such a demand Mr. Clifford's reply was as moderate and conciliatory as could well be made. Even if he had been at the time actually opposed, instead of favourable, to the Acts, he could not be expected to promise unceasing hostility to a system of the utility of which he might possibly be persuaded afterwards on the strength of information not now attainable. At the utmost he could only undertake to judge the question by the Report of the Commission, and if he found the conclusion at which he arrived different from that of the majority of his constituents, to vote against the Acts simply as their delegate, without reference to his own opinion. Most people will be disposed to think that this was, to say the least, fully as much as could be required with reason on the one side or granted with self-respect on the other. Those who know anything of the temper and tactics of the Association will not, however, be surprised to learn that Mr. Clifford's letter was considered by them as, "of course, not at all satisfactory." The result of a similar application to Mr. Kennard, the Conservative candidate, was more to their taste. His reply, which is pronounced to be "comparatively satisfactory," ran thus:—

Buge's Hotel, Newport.

SIR.—Since our interview of this morning on the subject of the Contagious Diseases Acts, I have had an opportunity of making myself acquainted with the operation of those Acts, and of learning the views of the majority of the electors of the borough, and I have, therefore, no hesitation in saying that I have determined to give those Acts, as at present constituted, my most unqualified opposition.

The Acts are not at present in operation in this town, but as I have reason to believe that Newport is named as one of those towns intended to be immediately included under the Acts, I feel it is quite time for me to express thus clearly my views on the subject.

I remain, yours faithfully,

November 10, 1870.

H. MARTYN KENNARD.

This ready acquiescence in the extreme views of the Association is just what might be expected from so remarkable a proficient in rapid processes of thought. Mr. Kennard's mind works at the pace of what the Americans call "greased lightning." One forenoon the question of the Contagious Diseases Acts, of which apparently he had never heard before, is introduced to his notice. After listening politely to an harangue from the agent of the Association and to another from a Wesleyan minister, he remarked, with diplomatic caution, that "if one-tenth part of what was

said against the Acts were true, he would oppose them with all his might." Mr. Kennard does not seem to have been informed, nor to have discovered for himself in the course of the researches which he immediately commenced, that this was just the question at issue—whether one-tenth part, or one-twentieth, or peradventure one hundred and twentieth, or any infinitesimal fraction, of what was said against the Acts was true, and that a Royal Commission, composed of men of unimpeachable integrity, was about to investigate the subject, with every means at their command for ascertaining the truth. An hour or two sufficed to enable Mr. Kennard not only to make himself acquainted with the operation of the Acts, but to take the opinion of the majority of the electors of the borough on the subject. This, in addition to reading all the official reports, controversial correspondence, Parliamentary and other speeches on the question, must be pronounced one of the most rapid acts of political inquiry on record. We are afraid the Royal Commission will hardly get through its task at the same speed, though, if candidates follow the example set at Newport, the Commissioners will find it hardly worth while to go through the farce of collecting information which members of the House of Commons have pledged themselves on no account to take into consideration. That such a reply as Mr. Kennard's should be regarded by the Association as only "comparatively satisfactory," would appear to argue a very carping and ungrateful temper on their part. Nothing could well be more absolute and abject than the poor man's surrender, but perhaps their qualified satisfaction arose from the obvious hollowness of an opinion arrived at in such a manner. Besides issuing a placard—"Electors of Newport, be upon your guard"—which, though nominally addressed to the electors, was really a warning to the candidates, the agent of the Association forwarded Mr. Kennard's letter to Mr. Clifford's Committee. This was as much as to say, "Now you see what the Conservative says; how much farther will your man go?" In consequence of this, "great pressure," we are told, was applied to Mr. Clifford; but he appears still to have held out and refused to go beyond his letter of the 11th. The victim was now fairly on the rack, and it was thought that another twist of the screw would wring from his obdurate lips the desired confession of faith. To supplement the effect of the placards in the streets, the "pressure" in the committee-room, and the demonstrative overtures to the rival candidate, a parade was made of getting up a public meeting to denounce the Acts. This settled the business. From Mr. Kennard the following "gratifying reply" was received:—

DEAR SIR,—In reply to yours of the 11th instant, on the subject of the Contagious Diseases Acts, I have both written and stated that I have determined to give them my most unqualified opposition. I can therefore have no objection to say, that I fully intend, if elected, to vote for their immediate Repeal.

This "sensible and dutiful deference to public feeling" on Mr. Kennard's part rendered his return, in the agent's opinion, tolerably certain; and as a vote against the Acts would thus be secured, it did not matter from which side of the House it came. That Mr. Clifford got another chance was not exactly due to affection, either for himself or the Liberal party, but to a feeling which is thus described, and which we leave our readers to characterize:—

Mr. Clifford is, we believe, a son of the Usher of the Black Rod, had been Lord Palmerston's private secretary, and was well known to be in favour of the Acts. To compel him, therefore, to throw aside his personal or private crochets on this point was not only necessary, but would be another means of putting pressure on the Government.

As a mere matter of business, no doubt, Mr. Kennard's vote would have answered the purpose of the Association, but they desired a still more exquisite gratification. It was not enough to subdue a candidate who had dared to doubt whether the Acts were altogether the abomination they had been called; he must be punished by a public humiliation of the most cruel and degrading kind. He must be forced to abjure opinions which, as the organ of the Association says, it is "well known" he entertains. The ecstasy with which the inquisitor at the side of the rack watches the blanched cheek and yielding spirit of the victim is enhanced by the knowledge that the recantation about to be wrung from him has nothing of honest conversion about it, and is altogether contrary to the poor wretch's own convictions. At length Mr. Clifford gave way, and issued the following letter:—

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES ACTS.

To the Electors of Newport.—Gentlemen,—In deference to the very strong feeling expressed by the inhabitants of Newport, I will vote for the Repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts.—Yours obediently,

Newport, Nov. 12, 1870.

CHARLES C. CLIFFORD.

Whether the Contagious Diseases Acts are good or bad has, of course, nothing to do with the opinion which must be formed of practices like these, and of their effect on the constitution and character of the House of Commons. Neither is it a question of the right of this or any similar Association to subordinate all other questions, no matter how vital and momentous, to their own particular crochets, and even to return to Parliament a man whose general body of opinions they utterly condemn, if only he is "sound" on this single point. Undoubtedly they have the right to take this course if they choose, and there is nothing to prevent them. They are monomaniacs with whom it is hopeless to reason. The real culprits are, on the one hand, the candidates who weakly compromise their conscience and self-respect by yielding to the pressure put upon them and renouncing their own convictions; and, on the other hand, the mass of electors who through laziness and indifference allow fanatical minorities to exercise a usurped

and mischievous authority. It is, as Mr. Mill has remarked, one of the most sacred duties of a public man not to desert the cause which has popular clamour against it, nor deprive of his services those of his opinions which need them most. On the other hand, the candidate has a right to expect assistance and protection from the moderate and reasonable portion of the electors. The experience of the last few years shows that various questions get dangerously advanced by this kind of aggressive agitation on the one side, and softness on the other. It cannot but be disastrous, both for the Legislature and for the country, that members should be placed in the alternative of violating the pledges they have given to their constituents, or voting against their own consciences.

HOW THEY MANAGE TREASURY PROSECUTIONS.

THE overwhelming interest of the war excludes or retrenches many articles of intelligence which ordinarily occupy the newspapers. The most atrocious murder, the most appalling suicide, or the most disgusting case in the Divorce Court, must all alike give way to the effusions of Correspondents at the headquarters of the contending armies. The domestic history of the year has been almost forgotten amid the excitement of Continental battlefields, and therefore it may be useful to remember that in the month of May the newspapers were busy in reporting certain proceedings at a Metropolitan Police Court, which were in the highest degree offensive to public decency, and are now likely to turn out to have been altogether useless. It may appear strange, but it is nevertheless true, that the legal business of the Crown is done immeasurably worse than that of any private person. The legal advisers of the Crown are certainly not wanting in ability, but perhaps they may be deficient in the leisure necessary for thoroughly understanding the cases which they are required to conduct. Somehow or other it often happens that in the multitude of counsel concerned in a Treasury prosecution there is found safety for the prisoner. During the inquiry at Bow Street into charges preferred against two persons named Boulton and Park we protested more than once against the publication by the newspapers of almost *verbatim* reports of the proceedings. We remarked that, if it were necessary to hold such an inquiry in public, it by no means followed that it was necessary to print and circulate the evidence which was given upon it. We of course assumed that the legal advisers of the Crown had good reason for what they did, but it now appears that in this assumption we were mistaken. There has been absolutely no result of this inquiry, except a grievous outrage to public decency, and a lasting degradation of the newspapers which pandered to a vicious taste. After repeated examinations before a magistrate, these two persons, Boulton and Park, were committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court. It was possible to shape the charge against them either as one of felony or of misdemeanour. They might have been indicted for the actual commission of an abominable offence, or they might have been indicted for conspiring together to induce other persons to commit it. But the evidence produced before the magistrate, and copiously reported in the newspapers, did not appear to be sufficient to support the charge of felony. The opinion which was commonly expressed among lawyers who had read these reports could hardly fail to reach the minds of the lawyers concerned in the prosecution. Indeed, as these gentlemen are not deficient either in knowledge or acuteness, it is difficult to understand how they could have failed to see that which was manifest to other practitioners in the same Courts. It really seems that able and learned lawyers are liable to be afflicted with mental incapacity as soon as they are employed by Government.

On the night of the 28th of April the two men Boulton and Park were taken into custody on leaving the Strand Theatre, where they had appeared in the clothes and had assumed the manners of women. Upon eight different occasions they were brought up for examination at Bow Street Police Court, and full reports of the proceedings were published in the newspapers. Thus this case became a leading topic of conversation throughout the month of May. Indeed, the interest which it excited grew stronger with every adjournment of the case. The approaches to the Court were "literally besieged" by the public, who expressed much disappointment on finding that the prisoners between their first and second examinations, had assumed the clothes of men. Several names were mentioned openly of persons alleged to be implicated in their proceedings, and more were whispered. Letters were found at the lodgings of the prisoners which suggested the suspicion that the writers of them had been parties to the commission of abominable crimes. There was a probability that prolonged and public inquiry might produce evidence, true or false, which might help to procure the conviction of the prisoners for this crime. This we suppose is the justification of a course which was admitted at the time to be unusual. The reporters informed us that it had been the practice at Bow Street to admit themselves and exclude the public on such occasions, and they seemed to think that they could have performed their function much more conveniently if they had enjoyed more elbow-room. There would be something gained, but not much, in point of decency by excluding idle listeners while reporters were permitted to take notes and publish them at discretion. As regards the exercise of that discretion, the reporters might allege that, unless they published a tolerably full account of the proceedings, their readers would not be induced to think and talk about the case,

and thus the object of the inquiry would be frustrated. It would be useless to print a mere paragraph under the head of "Bow Street." There must be two or three columns with an attractive title; and a good deal of the evidence should be reported, while the rest would be capable of being supplied by a moderate effort of the imagination. This, we believe, is the best apology that can be offered for the newspapers. They printed at intervals for a month, in the most conspicuous and alluring manner, an invitation to all persons who had anything to say against Boulton and Park and their supposed accomplices, to come and say it to the police. Assuming these persons to be guilty—upon which point we offer no opinion—means more or less effective were taken to procure the punishment of two or three offenders, at the risk, or rather with the certainty, of making many more.

Whatever might have been expected to be the result of these proceedings, it could not be doubtful that morality would lose by them far more than it could gain. But now that we see what the result is, it is undeniable that morality has gained nothing and has lost enormously. The photographs of these men in women's clothes were in every shop, and their names were on every tongue for weeks. Humanity owes at least thus much to the King of Prussia and Count Moltke, that they have supplied our eyes and thoughts with more wholesome subjects of contemplation. But the mischief went on long enough to pollute many minds which otherwise might have remained pure. And this mischief produced no countervailing good. We suppose that somebody blundered, as is usual, and took an unusually long time in blundering. Perhaps the law officers of the Crown were the only persons in the kingdom who had not read the newspapers. At any rate they do not seem to have taken the trouble to form an opinion on the matter, and it may readily be believed that they had plenty of other things to do. The old saying that everybody's business is nobody's business was amply verified in this instance. We should have thought that after a month had been occupied in inquiry before the magistrate some person in authority might have arrived at a conclusion whether or not it was expedient to prosecute Boulton and Park on the major or the minor charge, or not to prosecute them at all. But the advisers of the Treasury seem to have trusted to time, which makes all things clear. Boulton and Park were committed for trial on the 30th of May. The sessions of the Central Criminal Court began on the 6th of June, and thus public interest in the case was maintained at fever pitch. Large numbers of persons assembled in the Old Bailey, apparently to enjoy the satisfaction of gazing at the walls of the Court within which they supposed that the trial would be held. As the penny-a-liners say, "the utmost excitement prevailed" in the vicinity of the Court. The Recorder informed the grand jury in his charge that there were three indictments against Boulton and Park. By the first they were charged with committing what was formerly a capital offence. By the second they were charged with conspiring to incite others to the commission of this offence. By the third they were charged with indecently frequenting public places in women's clothes. In reference to this third indictment, the Recorder was made by the *Times* to say that there was some doubt whether the act charged in it was an offence at common law, but he advised the grand jury to find the bill, "for he could not help thinking that if it was not an offence at common law, it was high time it should be made one"—meaning, we suppose, by statute. Here perhaps we discover the real object of the law officers of the Crown. They wished to make going about "in drag" an offence at common law by statute. They could not of course have wished, if it was not an offence before, to make it an offence by a declaration *ex post facto* of the judges. We are not sure, however, that the substance of this third indictment was correctly reported, inasmuch as the prisoners' counsel stated that they did not understand it. We can of course conceive that Boulton and Park may have gone to the Strand Theatre "in drag" in a very foolish frolic, or they may have gone with an unlawful purpose. The police officers who originally took up the case probably considered that it was "flat burglary" at the least for a man to wear petticoats and chignon. The indictments charged other persons besides Boulton and Park with these offences, but it is unnecessary to recall their names. On the 9th of June the Attorney-General stated that, after carefully reading the depositions taken before the magistrate, and also considering a good deal of additional evidence which had since been furnished to the Government, he felt it his duty to direct that indictments should be preferred against persons who were not charged before the magistrates. These persons could not possibly be ready with their defence, and it appeared expedient to postpone the trials of all the accused persons to the next sittings of the Court. The counsel for Boulton and Park concurred in desiring postponement, which was thereupon ordered.

In the interval of a month which was thus gained for considering the case, the law officers appear to have arrived at the conclusion which other persons had attained long before. In fact, the lengthened publicity of the investigation had not produced evidence upon which a charge of felony could reasonably be founded. It was possible that if this felony had been committed with several persons, some one of those persons might have been induced by threats or promises to give evidence against his partners in crime; but unless the prosecutors expected this, it is difficult to understand how they could have expected anything. Whether they expected anything or not, it appears that they got nothing; for on the 11th of July the Solicitor to the Treasury lodged at the office of the Central Criminal Court the *stat* of the Attorney-General to enter a *nolle prosequi* to the indictments

against Boulton and Park for felony. At the same time the indictments for misdemeanour were removed by *certiorari* into the Court of Queen's Bench, and the defendants, who had been in custody since their committal by the magistrate, were liberated on bail. Thus the major charge was entirely abandoned. The minor charge was postponed until the sittings of the Court of Queen's Bench at *visi prius* after Michaelmas Term. Those sittings commenced a week ago, and the indictment against Boulton and Park is not entered in the list, and therefore cannot be tried this year. Possibly it may come on when the siege of Paris is finished, and the public is able to give undivided attention to it. Possibly it may never come on at all.

We have unwillingly recalled attention to the most disgusting subject which ever occupied the public mind. We have done so for the purpose of exposing the almost incredible incapacity with which the legal business of Government is conducted. At large expense in money, and infinitely more in public decency, this prosecution has hitherto attained no result at all. And yet the lawyers whose united action is thus feeble and mischievous are individually fully competent to their duty. But there is no escape for them from the dilemma that these indictments ought not to have been preferred or ought not to be abandoned.

JENKINS AT VERSAILLES.

THE postponement of the bombardment of Paris on the part of the King of Prussia is really most cruel. Here is the *Times* at a vast expense keeping the finest of living writers at Versailles, with all his longest substantives, each served by half a dozen adjectives, ready for action, with his historical parallels and his quotations looked up, with everything prepared for a description of the triumphal entry "into the Capital of the World" of Mr. Russell and the rest of the German army, and yet there is nothing to describe. Flesh and blood could stand it no longer. If "Bismark! Moltke! Brain in the council—brain in the field" were not ready, Mr. Russell was. His heaviest artillery at all events was mounted, and if they would not open fire, he would. He reminds us of a ludicrous scene we once witnessed at a lecture on chemistry. The lecturer, a somewhat deaf old gentleman, had, as he told his audience, reserved to the last some striking experiment. But in the course of the evening his youthful assistant had not been able to restrain his ardour, and while the old gentleman's back was turned had himself performed the experiment. It is easy to imagine the poor lecturer's embarrassment and confusion when, leading up his audience to a grand *finale*, he found that everything he had to say and show fell quite flat. Who in like manner will care for the entrance of the King, and of the thirty-four lines of hereditary Princes and Grand Dukes, into Paris? While the poor old King was keeping, as he thought, the world in breathless suspense for the most striking scene of all, here has Mr. Russell most cruelly anticipated it, and so spoilt everything. Who will care to read how the Germans entered Paris who has read in the *Times* of November 26 how they entered the headquarters at Versailles, where "the King gave a State dinner to celebrate the anniversary of the Princess Royal of Prussia's birthday"? The war should now close, for whatever has to follow can only be by way of anti-climax. At the theatre, to be sure, a most striking effect is produced by the stage army rushing off on one side of the scene and on again on the other, and there are audiences which can bear a repetition of this some dozen times. It may be the case therefore that "the princely leader of the hosts," and these thirty-four lines of German princes, can a second time make a *grande entrée*; but we doubt it. The eye is more patient of repetition than the ear, and moreover Mr. Russell can never again rise to such a height of inspiration.

It is sad to think how many years it has taken the world to discover its real and great Jenkins. Cromwell, we know, was not known as a soldier till he was not far short of fifty, and Moltke had no great reputation till he was over sixty. Mr. Russell, indeed, in one respect was more unfortunate than these other great men. He was known to the world, but he must have felt that the world did not know him as he knew himself. The late Mr. Keeley used bitterly to complain that, whereas he was really a great tragedian, the world persisted in regarding him only as a comedian. So the world for a long time would look upon Mr. Russell as a great War Correspondent, while he knew that nature and education had fitted him to write, not of war, but of princes.

In the Crimea he had no fair chance, for, with all respect to the Duke of Cambridge, we must confess that he alone hardly afforded a theme worthy of our Jenkins's pen. It was on the Nile, under the shadow of the Pyramids, with the forty centuries, princes, princesses, and Khedives looking upon him, that he dropped the mask, ceased to be Russell, and became, not Jenkins, but The Jenkins. We have The O'Donoghue, The Macgillicuddy; henceforth let us have, not our Jenkins, but The Jenkins. But, great as he was on the Nile, he is greater still on the banks of the Seine. Sadly and vexatiously interrupted in his theme by the necessity of occasionally recording a great battle or two, he has nevertheless steadily risen to the height of his great argument. If we remember rightly, it was on the Crown Prince's boots that he first tried his pinions, and found them, though long unused, yet strong as ever. Keeping still at that same dizzy height, he has steadily soared away, till now at length, at Versailles, he has suddenly

shot up, if that were possible, yet higher. *Quo festum rapidis?* How shall we weary follow him with our gaze? Let us, panting, toil after him, while we accompany him to "a banquet to which the occasion and circumstance lent a singular interest. It was indeed a congress of princes." Mr. Russell, with that charming modesty for which he is famed, leaves it doubtful whether he himself was present as a guest, or only as a Special Correspondent. Let us hope that, if it was in the latter capacity, he was treated with at all events the same consideration as used to be shown to the domestic chaplain, who came to say grace and was allowed to stay till the sweets were set on the table. We are inclined to believe that he was the wearer of "the only black coat that there was in the whole room," for we are not aware that it has yet been settled what uniform shall be worn by the Jenkinases. Moreover, the magnificent sentence with which he winds up the account seems to imply that he was actually present:—

And let us say "Good night," make our reverences, and retire, hoping that many a happy anniversary of the day may come in peaceful scenes, amid the hum of industrious millions secure of liberty, when there shall be no tear of orphan and of widow, no cry of agony, no tumult of battle to mar the enjoyment of the hour; and when the pleasures of the banquet may not be embittered by the thought that near at hand there is a starving multitude—enemies indeed, but starving still, and that Death stands at the gate.

Some orphans may get consoled and some widows may get married, but Mr. Russell, in the midst of his fine writing, should remember that there are other anniversaries besides those of Royal birthdays—anniversaries which orphans and widows cannot readily forget. Banquets, at their close, are apt to get embittered by many a thought, but we should like to know the exact amount of embitterment that Mr. Russell (if he were present at the table and not behind the screen) suffered when he enjoyed "the fresh 'steinbütte garnirt mit hummer,' the 'wild schweinkopf' with 'Cumberland Sauce,' and other dainties, and what poor Thackeray called 'the quaint rare flavour of pure wine.'" We should like to know, too, where was his "embittered" thought when they retired to "the drawing-room, where coffee and tea were served, but no smoking was permitted—a trial to some of the ancient warriors who regard all meals as merely a preparation for cigars or other forms of tobaccic enjoyment." Did Mr. Russell remember that "Death stands at the gate" (what gate, by the way?) when some few lines before he was able to expand "pipes" into "other forms of tobaccic enjoyment"? We feel inclined to ask with Hamlet, "Hath this fellow no feeling of his business that he sings at grave-making?" and to answer with Horatio, "Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness." Mr. Russell, though he is in the midst of such great scenes, and has witnessed with his own eyes such terrible and prolonged sufferings, cannot perhaps be expected always to keep down the flunkey that is in him, but must now and then have an outbreak, and write as if he were merely a hanger-on at some Court, and not a spectator of a vast war. The Editor of the *Times*, however, would do well to consult the reputation of his paper and his Correspondent by consigning to the fire, or by forwarding to the *Daily Telegraph*, any such letters as these. It is bad enough to write like a flunkey; it is still worse to engage a flunkey to write. Who cares to read the thirty-four lines of guests who on a certain day in November dined in Versailles with the King of Prussia? Who cares to know that "from the painted ceiling of a noble and richly-furnished apartment (not room—Heaven forbid that a King and Mr. Russell should dine together in a room) were suspended three large lustres"? Who cares to know that "the dinner-hour was five o'clock," and that "punctually to the moment (whether out of deference to his guests or to his stomach we are not informed) the King entered this saloon"? "Who will care," Mr. Russell himself asks, "a hundred years hence what dress was worn, and what orders were selected for the occasion of his Royal daughter-in-law's festival by the King, who may be Emperor when he will, &c. &c.?" A hundred years hence! Why who cares now? It may have been, for all we know, "pleasant to an English eye," to see on the King's "broad breast the riband of the Bath conspicuous among all the orders." English ears at home, however, have something different that they want to hear of, when war has already spread so far and may spread so much further? In looking at Bismark, of all men, the tailor, we should have thought, might have been kept in the background. The great Correspondent does not agree with us, for he not only tells us what dress he did wear, but also what dress he did not wear. "The great Chancellor" was seen "striding along in the uniform of the 7th Cuirassiers, which he has made famous for all time," and not "as he is represented in the *Almanach de Gotha*, in a plain bourgeois coat and black tie."

After all we must not be too angry with our old friend. He is like an unfortunate schoolboy who has to write a letter home with the utmost regularity, whether he has anything to say or not. There cannot every day be a tremendous fight between Smith and Jones, nor can it always happen that the big bully gets a sound thrashing. He may likewise be compared (in the words of Fielding) "to a stage-coach, which performs constantly the same course, empty as well as full." As no one mocks the driver for the emptiness of his coach, so perhaps it is hardly fair to mock Mr. Russell for the emptiness of his letters. For ourselves, however, when there is nothing more important to describe than a dinner at Versailles, we should prefer to see Mr. Russell's two columns left blank, rather than to have our time wasted in casting our eyes over a letter that a school-girl ought to be ashamed to write. Till

this can be done we wish the Francs-Tireurs all success in robbing the Feld-post that runs from Versailles to Sedan.

THE HARROW RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

IT is almost useless to inquire into the cause of the recent accident on the North-Western Railway. These investigations add little to our knowledge, and certainly nothing to our security. A particular example of negligence or imperfection in arrangement is elaborately discussed, until we feel tolerably sure that the same thing will not happen again, and certain that something like it will happen shortly. We are told that the train to which this accident occurred had maintained for many years a remarkable character for accuracy of running and safety. But if a train has enjoyed immunity for a long period, it is not less, and perhaps it is more, likely to meet disaster soon. If the causes of safety or danger were in the train itself, we might suppose that practice would make perfect to attain the former and avoid the latter. But the capacity of goods trains for getting in the way is an uncontrollable and incalculable element of the problem which has to be daily solved by the driver of an express train. If collision or hair-breadth escape from collision has not happened for months or years, there is all the more reason to expect that it will happen before long. The axles and coupling-chains of passenger carriages may be as perfect as art can make them, but danger will exist unless equal care and cost are expended upon every coal-truck upon the line. The completeness, up to a certain point, of the arrangements made for the safety of this express train only renders their failure more alarming. A goods train has got as far as Harrow Station, and is in process of being shunted, when a coupling-chain between two carriages gives way. Thus the greater part of the train becomes detached from the engine, and remains immovable on the line. It is known that in less than twenty minutes an express train, going at its usual speed of forty miles an hour, will arrive upon that spot. But the line is said to be worked upon the block system, which, as we often read, would prevent railway accidents if it were applied everywhere, and the signal which ought to stop the approaching train is displayed in obedience to telegraphic warning. The signal, however, does not stop the train, and it is suggested that the fog prevented its being distinctly seen. The time and the means available for getting the goods train out of the way are inadequate, and the only other possible precaution is to send a porter up the line with fog-signals to meet the express train. When he has got about 100 yards from the station the express train flies past him, the driver shuts off steam from his engine in obedience to the porter's signal; but it is too late. A train consisting of two engines and 19 carriages filled with passengers dashes at full speed into a train of coal-trucks which are slowly moving in the same direction. Thus a disaster has happened which probably on other occasions has been barely avoided. The effect of the collision was to block both lines, and we are told that an up train passed just before, and thus narrowly escaped being involved in the ruin of the down train.

The usual inquiry is of course held. The broken coupling-chain and the signals are examined, and perhaps the Company succeed in showing that their railway is worked as carefully as any in England. We can only wonder, if this be so, that English people are content to expose themselves, for the sake of ease or pleasure or profit, to the tremendous risks which railway travelling, conducted according to the supposed requirements of the age, ordinarily involves. It appears to be not much more dangerous to be a National or Mobile Guard in France than to be a railway passenger in England. In one country men die, or say that they will die, for their country; in the other, men die for the sake of getting home in time for dinner. Railway travelling has at least this advantage, that it habituates the English people in time of peace to the risks of war. Happily, however, we are for the most part unconscious of our daily perils. The jury at the inquest have desired to be furnished with a list of all the trains which pass through the Harrow Station in twenty-four hours. We should expect that the publication of this list would irrevocably destroy the peace of mind of the jury and all other inhabitants of the neighbourhood. The goods train which caused this accident arrived at Harrow Station at 12 minutes after 5 o'clock in the afternoon of last Saturday. It had passed the station a little way when a coupling-chain broke. The hinder part of the train hereupon stopped, and the former part with the engine also stopped as soon as possible. The station-master jumped on the engine and told the driver to be as quick in moving back as he could, or they should not be able to shunt so as to avoid the express train which was due about 17 minutes after 5 o'clock. The engine and fore part of the train were brought back to the hinder part, and the carriages were recoupled. The station-master then gave the driver a signal to start. He had just started when the whistle of the express train was heard. "One half minute more," says the station-master, "would have given the empties such a speed as would have saved the accident." The time for the express train at Harrow, as already stated, is 5h. 17m., but "it is never punctual to that time." If it were, we should suppose that its character for safety would have been long since forfeited. It arrived at 5h. 24m., which was just half a minute too soon to escape a disastrous collision. The goods train was much after its proper time, but it was running in the time of another goods train, so there was no irregularity in its proceedings

by which passenger trains ought to have been affected. Indeed, it appears, so far as the inquest has proceeded, that the victims of this collision have been slaughtered in perfect conformity with the Company's regulations. The engine-driver's directions were to shunt at Harrow, and he would have shunted if the coupling-chain had not broken. Accidents, says an old proverb, will happen in the best regulated families. The North-Western Railway, speaking generally, is very well regulated indeed; but unless its arrangements were perfect both in design and execution they must be liable to fail sometimes, and failure means wounds and death of passengers. It appears that the driver of the goods train shut off steam as he came into Harrow Station, and thus made his train a few minutes later in shunting than it would otherwise have been. He considers that the signal shown to him at the station should have been not red, as it was, but green. The red signal made him shut off steam, whereas the green signal would only have required him to proceed cautiously. But we are told that the red signal was shown because the signalman at Harrow did not know that this goods train had orders to shunt, and he wished to ensure its doing so. In fact the signalman at Harrow acted with excessive caution.

We pursue the course of this investigation as far as it has yet gone, not with any desire to attempt to fix blame here or there, but rather in order to show that, without blame anywhere, arrangements so finely adjusted may, or rather must, sometimes get out of gear. The goods train which was checked at Harrow had been stopped two miles short of Harrow because the line beyond Harrow was not clear. The signalman at Harrow was afraid that the goods train would run into something, and so something ran into the goods train. The heroic feat of sailing between Scylla and Charybdis is performed almost nightly on our railways by guards and drivers who habitually approach within half a minute of the next world. The signalman at Harrow seems by his own account to have done his duty. If he did more than his duty in showing the red instead of the green light to the goods train as it came into the station, and if this excess of caution brought the two trains into collision, we can only say that this result of the English railway system is sufficient to condemn it. Let us take this signalman's account of what he saw and did on the afternoon of last Saturday, and let us remember that the same sort of thing is going on at busy railway stations at every hour of the day and many of the night. The first down train that arrived at Harrow Station after 5 o'clock was a passenger train at 5h. 8m., or 5h. 9m. The next was a goods train, which arrived at 5h. 12m. The signal was then at danger, because a sufficient number of minutes had not elapsed to lower it. If the passenger train arrived at 5h. 8m., or 5h. 9m., and stopped, as it did, we should certainly consider that a sufficient number of minutes had not elapsed at 5h. 12m. We are told that "in bright weather" three minutes are required to elapse after a passenger train has left, and then the signal is put at caution. Thus it appears that the goods train was let into the station at the earliest minute that it safely could be admitted. The signalman lowered his distant signal to let in this goods train, but he still kept his home signal at "danger" to ensure, as he says, the shunting of this train. As the train passes his box he calls to the driver to shunt, and he proceeds to do so. Then the signalman hears somebody call out that the train has broken into two parts. By his computation it is then 5h. 13m. The express train is due at 5h. 17m., but it has never been known to keep its time, so perhaps collision may be avoided. But if the express train cannot be stopped, it must run into a train of about thirty-five empty coal-trucks, each weighing four tons, which are either standing still or moving slowly forward. Under this tremendous responsibility the signalman proceeds to perform his duty. He blocked the line to the next signalman, two miles off, at the Wembley cutting, and got his answer. His own signals were full at danger. A porter with fog-signals was sent up the line to warn, if possible, the driver of the express train. Then he hears the express coming. It goes over a fog-signal. The driver plies his whistle and his break, but all too late. How it happened that the driver did not see the signal at Wembley cutting, or failed, if he did see it, to pull up his train in time, may perhaps be explained in the course of the inquiry. The driver is gone where he can feel neither praise nor blame—a victim to the supposed exigency of civilization. But if it be true that he could not see the Wembley signal, it seems to follow that passenger trains should not run at express speed on foggy evenings with goods trains ahead of them.

JACKSON e. MARTIN.

IN a well-known passage of *Vanity Fair*, Thackeray indulges in some reflections upon that awful servants' inquisition to which we are all exposed. You see a lady, he says, splendidly dressed at an evening party. "Discovery walks respectfully up to her in the shape of a huge powdered man with large calves and a tray of ices—with Calumny (which is as fatal as Truth) behind him in the shape of the hulking fellow carrying the wafer-biscuits." Her secrets will be talked over by these men at their public-house to-night. The judgment which they pass may well have terrors for evildoers. Masters and mistresses have not the means of observation possessed by servants, and they have occasionally scruples in spreading such scandals as they may have discovered. But servants form a tacit combination for the inspection

of the upper classes, and provide underground channels through which a slander imperceptibly filters, to diffuse its evil odours at a distance. If it were only Discovery that walked about in plush, perhaps there would be some compensation. Evil-doers might be appalled at the recollection of a tribunal in whose eyes, as in those of Heaven, no man is a hero. But that figure of Calumny which stalks behind has a more sinister influence. Who can be safe if his servants form a conspiracy against his character? There are abundant opportunities in which they are the only possible witnesses; and if they have sufficient skill to put together a coherent story, and sufficient want of principle to swear to it, where are we to turn for contradiction? Every one, especially in the country, passes hours in every day when no other witnesses are within reach; and if they choose to accuse him of any atrocity, he can only meet the accusation by indirect evidence, which may or may not be forthcoming. When therefore a charge is brought against a man under such circumstances, and especially when it is of a nature to blast all his prospects if allowed to pass current, it should at least be subjected to a severe scrutiny. The worst of such charges is that, when filth enough is thrown, some of it is sure to stick. With some people there is no distinction between an accusation and a condemnation. The burden of proof is thrown in public estimation upon the person accused; he must demonstrate his innocence if the calumny is to be entirely wiped off; and it is therefore only fair that a Court of justice should not add the weight of its verdict to the charge, unless it be established beyond all question. The least part of the punishment inflicted is that expressed in the sentence; and a loss of reputation and social standing will follow in some degree unless the exculpation is impracticably complete.

These obvious reasons increase the surprise which we should have felt in any case at the recent trial of Jackson v. Martin. Mr. Jackson was suspended from his living by the Dean of Arches, on the ground that he had committed adultery with his cook and taken liberties with his housemaid. That decree is now reversed by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and the prosecutor ordered to pay costs. Even if it had merely appeared from the trial that Mr. Jackson's guilt was not conclusively established, we should have been glad of his final acquittal, though we might not have felt any lively sympathy for him. We would rather that a guilty man should occasionally escape than that the character of every clergyman in the country should be put at the mercy of a dissolute cook and a disreputable housemaid. But in this case there is a stronger reason for satisfaction at the ultimate result, and for surprise at the judgment of the inferior Court. So far as it is possible to form an opinion from the report of a case, we should say that, instead of Mr. Jackson's guilt being established, the probabilities are entirely in favour of his innocence. The judgment of the Lord Chancellor completely confirms this opinion, and puts in the clearest light the extraordinary nature of the evidence on which Mr. Jackson was originally condemned. Without going into the details at length, we may notice two or three points which seem to carry conviction to as high a point as is compatible with the nature of the case. It would be impossible for Mr. Jackson to prove the negative; but he has gone far, not only to show that the accusation was false, but to account for a false accusation being made.

In the first place, the circumstances of some of the improprieties alleged are so extraordinary that it is scarcely possible to explain them—assuming the statement to be accurate—except on the hypothesis that Mr. Jackson was out of his mind. We must suppose that an elderly clergyman, with a wife and family, who had borne a good character for fifty years, not only committed an offence, but committed it so as to make it rather more probable than otherwise that he should be discovered by his wife and fourteen women who were in the next room, and by his son and his son's tutor, who were generally in the room with him at the precise time alleged. Clergymen who suddenly take to bad ways may perhaps lose their presence of mind in a manner inconceivable to more hardened sinners; but such a statement would apparently require something more than the unsupported authority of the cook, who is the only possible witness. What, then, is the value of the cook's authority? Neither she nor the fellow-servant, who gives evidence as to a similar offence on a different occasion, ever opened their lips on the subject for many months afterwards. This fellow-servant is proved, by unsuspected evidence, to have been a girl of loose conversation and character; and the cook signed one paper in which she admitted that one charge which she made against Mr. Jackson was false, and another in which she declared that the real father of her child was not Mr. Jackson, but a man to whom she had been engaged to be married. She must necessarily have told a deliberate lie on one of these two occasions; and the possibility that the second account of the child's paternity was correct is established by the fact that she spent some hours with the man in question just at the time of Mr. Jackson's supposed offence. The story, therefore, on which the accusation is grounded is monstrously improbable in itself; it rests partly upon the testimony of an immoral woman, who by her own confession has solemnly lied about the same matter, and partly upon a most improbable story from another girl of scandalous character; and the most important of these two very questionable witnesses had previously told a totally different story, the possibility of which was established by independent witnesses. Why her first story should have been assumed to be false, and the second, which, besides its intrinsic improbability,

took away the character of a respectable clergyman, should have been assumed to be true, passes our powers of conjecture.

The subsequent behaviour of the parties to the case was in any case rather singular, but can only be explained intelligibly on the hypothesis of Mr. Jackson's innocence. He insisted upon his cook's seeing the doctor when she first appeared to be ill, and afterwards, in spite of the doctor's suspicions, kept her in the house. She was subsequently dismissed for not keeping the housemaid, who was the second witness, in proper order. Soon afterwards, which is the strangest part of this strange story, she was requested to return, and actually did return only a few days before her confinement. Now, if Mr. Jackson was aware of her condition, and conscious of his own guilt, nothing can be plainer than his interest in keeping her as much as possible out of the way. If he was innocent, the proceeding was natural on his part, and capable of explanation on hers. The child was born, the cook still denying her position up to the last possible minute, and declaring to the doctor when it was born that its father was the man to whom she was engaged. Hereupon she was turned out of the house, and Mr. and Mrs. Jackson are blamed for refusing to see her. Soon afterwards the words "Daddy Jackson" were scribbled in chalk upon the walls of the parish, and the cook came to church and made her first accusation of Mr. Jackson by holding it up during service, and exclaiming, "There's your dada." An energetic parishioner immediately took up her case with so fine an exhibition of public spirit that he scorned all preliminary inquiry, and prosecuted Mr. Jackson simply on the strength of the scandal.

We have omitted a good many minor details which point in the same direction. This, however, is plain, that the hypothesis of Mr. Jackson's innocence is not only admissible on the face of the evidence, but is by far the most probable explanation. If he was guilty, he behaved not merely like a villain, but like a most inconceivable fool. We have to suppose that a respectable elderly clergyman ran the utmost risk of detection, without any assignable motive, and subsequently did everything he could to increase the danger. On the opposite theory, all that we have to suppose is that a woman who had lost her character and had been turned out of the house made a false accusation against him, either to extort money or to gratify her spite, and stuck to her story when it was taken up by the scandal-mongers of the village. That she was immoral and a liar is acknowledged on all hands, and not a single subsidiary circumstance is suggested which is not more consistent with Mr. Jackson's innocence than with his guilt.

In one respect, indeed, he or his wife certainly committed an imprudence. Mrs. Jackson gave a character to the cook when she was first dismissed, and thereby procured her admission to the family of a neighbouring clergyman. That she did wrong is admitted, though we could wish that her wrongdoing was as uncommon as it was objectionable. Mr. Jackson, though he blamed Mrs. Jackson for her conduct, does not appear to have prevented her from carrying it out. The conclusion, however, that Mrs. Jackson was in a conspiracy with her husband to conceal his guilt, seems to be extremely harsh and strained, compared with the obvious suggestion that she was rather more good-natured than she ought to have been. The moral, indeed, for the use of country clergymen and others is not the less impressive. We may safely say, Don't keep immoral servants, don't give them characters if you get rid of them, and don't be on bad terms with your parishioners; but we cannot see even in this, which appears to be the worst piece of misconduct proved against Mr. Jackson, the slightest presumption against his entire innocence of the main charge.

The chief moral, in fact, would be applicable to persons in a very different position. Some of Mr. Jackson's misfortunes are such as may happen to almost any clergyman. Suppose that a man is unpopular in his parish, because his sermons have the wrong theological tone, or because he performs the service in a new fashion, or, it may be, because his manners are in some way unpleasant to his neighbours. Suppose, also, that he is unlucky enough to engage a cook who, in the technical language, has a misfortune, and that his housemaid is a young woman of loose habits. Then, if the cook chooses to accuse him as her seducer, and is backed up by the housemaid, even if she tells a wildly improbable story, if she indulges in a marvellous profusion of complicated lies on every matter connected with it, and if she tries to extort money from him on the strength of it, it is of course possible that some village puritan may rejoice in the occasion of giving his parson a fall. Such a combination of accidents may happen to a man of most respectable character. They are very disagreeable, because such imputations, however reckless, are not easily wiped off; but they are not always to be avoided. One thing, however, ought to be quite certain, and that is that, when the story comes before a Judge of high character, it will be instantly exploded. Mr. Jackson has not had that good fortune. It is true that the Lord Chancellor has expressed in the strongest terms his sense of the injury inflicted upon Mr. Jackson, that he has declared that, if such stories were believed, no man's character would be safe, and that he has sentenced the prosecutor to pay costs. That is a satisfactory conclusion; but meanwhile it is hard upon Mr. Jackson that he should have been suffering for some time, not only under the weight of a scandalous imputation, but under the far heavier weight of a decree given after a solemn trial. For that injury, as it now appears to be, Mr. Jackson can obtain no real compensation.

The frivolity of the charge has been established, but only after it has subjected Mr. Jackson to a great deal of unmerited suffering. All we can do is to congratulate him on his recovery of character, and to recommend him to be very careful in future about engaging his cooks.

THE NEW BOARDING-OUT ORDER.

THE Poor Law Board have lately issued a very important Order with regard to the boarding out of pauper children. It is not necessary to review the long controversy of which this step is the final result. The evils of the old farming-out system naturally generated a reaction in favour of some kind of community life; and the obvious disadvantages of keeping children within the precincts of the Workhouse led to the foundation of District and Separate schools, in which the children might be entirely withdrawn from Workhouse associations and Workhouse intimacies. The Poor Law Board, in the Circular which accompanies the Order, do full justice to the improvement effected by this last change. The intellectual education given in these institutions is better, they think, than any which is likely to be obtained by children boarded out, and—where the scholars are boys for whom permanent and secure employment can be found as soon as they leave school, the arrangement is perhaps as good as, if not better than, any other that could be made. Even in these cases, however, one great objection continues to hold good. The district school gives no holidays, because the district scholar has no home in which to spend them. Their parents are either dead, or gone away, or in the Workhouse, and neither friends nor more distant relations are likely to show much hospitality to pauper children. The monotony and confinement of these schools "must necessarily be unbroken, and prevent to a great extent the development of many of those faculties of mind and body which, in the case of children who must look forward to a hard industrial life, it is most important to expand." Besides this, the above-mentioned conditions of success are not always present. Pauperism is a malady common to girls as well as boys, and it is not always possible to find employment of the kind desired, even for all boys, immediately on their leaving school. In both these cases, and especially in the former, the district school fails "from the unavoidable circumstance that no family or domestic ties of any kind are established, and that the children have no other home to fall back upon than the Workhouse in the frequent event of trouble befalling them." It may be objected that a system of boarding out will not supply this last want, since the payments, being derived from the Guardians, will necessarily end when the children are old enough to earn their own living, and will not be renewed if they return to their foster-parents' house as if to their natural home. In practice, however, the operation of this abstract law will be modified by two influences of great efficacy—affection, and habit. Those who have most familiarized themselves with the evils of baby-farming declare that in many cases the woman who takes a child to keep becomes genuinely fond of it, and if this is found to be true where there is no care exercised in the original selection of the home, and no supervision maintained afterwards, it is far more likely to be true under a boarding-out system in which proper attention is paid to both these essentials. Again, it is probable that the children will often find work in the neighbourhoods in which they have been boarded out, and that they will then go on living with their foster-parents, either paying them for their board and lodging, or throwing their earnings into the common stock. In this way they will more and more come to be regarded as children of the house, and the kindness and readiness to aid one another which is so frequently found amongst the poor will help to efface all remembrance of the original distinction. This probable merger of the pauper children to whom the system is applied in the general body of the population is justly regarded by the Poor Law Board as a most powerful argument in favour of the scheme.

The whole question therefore turns upon the extent to which it is possible to surround the boarding-out system with the safeguards necessary to prevent its being abused in the interest either of economical Guardians or economical foster-parents. As the law now stands, Boards of Guardians are not prevented from boarding out orphan or deserted children within the limits of the Unions to which they belong, and the Guardians of country Unions, and even of one or two Unions in large towns, have already, it seems, adopted the system to a certain extent. The Poor Law Board do not propose to interfere at present with these experiments; but as regards large towns, they feel that the risk of abuses is so great, and the facilities for discovering them so small, that "if the practice of boarding out children in town homes were to become more general, they would have to consider the expediency of prohibiting it by a general order." Even as regards country homes within the limits of the Union, there seem to be objections that can only be met by the extension of the system established by the new order. This necessity is not in terms referred to by the Board in their Circular, but there is good reason for believing that the same rules must ultimately be applied to all cases of boarding out, whether within or beyond the particular Union to which the children so disposed of belong. For the present, however, the order only applies to 134 Unions and parishes, comprising or forming part of towns of considerable size. The Guardians of these may for the future board out pauper children in homes beyond the limits of such Union or parish, pro-

vided that in doing so they comply with the regulations laid down in the order. How far these are calculated to provide the safeguards admitted to be necessary if the system is to work properly, has now to be considered.

The principle on which the new order is founded is the co-operation of voluntary associations with Boards of Guardians in providing and superintending homes in which pauper children may be boarded out. Without some arrangement for placing these homes under proper supervision, it is obvious that the system would be open to all the objections justly urged against the practice of farming out children which prevailed under the old Poor-law. The only question, therefore, is whether this supervision can best be supplied by official or voluntary agency. Official supervision must be conducted either by the central or the local authorities. The Poor Law Board propose to institute some sort of central inspection as soon as it has been ascertained to what extent the order will be put into operation by Boards of Guardians. But central inspection, while it is the appropriate means of keeping the subordinate supervisors to their work, cannot possibly take the place of such subordinates. A Poor Law Inspector cannot examine the domestic arrangements of every house in his district in which one or two children are boarded, see that enough wholesome food is provided for them, and compare notes with the schoolmaster and the doctor as to their appearance and condition. At least, if he is to undertake these duties, the staff must be increased to an extent which would soon set taxpayers inquiring whether the work could not be adequately done by some less expensive machinery. The objection to the employment of local officials turns also upon the question of outlay. The Union to which the children belong will always be at some distance, often perhaps at a great distance, from the Union in which they are boarded out. The Guardians therefore can only exercise supervision by paid agents. If these agents are their own officers, sent on each occasion to make a special tour of inspection, the cost of working the system will be enormous; and if they are residents in the district in which the children are boarded out, appointed and paid for this sole purpose, the Guardians will have no real check on, or knowledge of, them. But though constant official supervision is practically impossible, constant voluntary supervision may be obtained without difficulty. The only obstacle in the way of Boards of Guardians getting very much more voluntary help than they do has been their own unwillingness to avail themselves of it. In the town Unions they might have had the care of the sick, for example, taken in a great measure off their hands, if they had not in too many cases been fearful of letting in light on their own shortcomings. As regards boarding out, there is an especial fitness in recourse to voluntary aid, because one important part of the work can be better done in this way than in any other, if indeed it could be done at all in any other. This is the business of selecting the homes in which the children are to be placed. To do this properly requires an intimate and personal knowledge of the locality, which no official sent from a distance to make inquiries could possibly possess, as well as an absence of all inducement to make profit out of the selection which could not be relied on in the case of paid agents on the spot.

The new order limits the permission to board out pauper children in homes beyond the limits of the Union to which they belong to cases in which such homes have been found and will be superintended, by a voluntary body called the Boarding Out Committee, to whom the Poor Law Board shall have given authority to make arrangements with Boards of Guardians. No home must be more than five miles from the residence of some member of the Committee, or more than a mile and a-half from a school, and every home is to be visited by a member of the Committee, who will have to make a report in writing to the Committee at least once in every six weeks. These reports are to be forwarded by the Committee to the Guardians at least every quarter. The maximum payment for each child is to be four shillings a week, exclusive of clothing, school fees, and medical attendance. Except in the case of brothers and sisters, not more than two children are to be placed in the same home, and the foster-parents are in all cases to be of the same religion as that of the children. The foster-parents are to sign an undertaking to bring the child up as one of their own children, to feed and train it properly, to see that it attends church or chapel, and, while between the ages of four and twelve, is regular at school. The schoolmaster is to send to the Guardians once a quarter a report of the child's appearance, conduct, and progress, for which they may pay him an extra school fee of a penny a week.

When it is considered that the children to whom this order applies are all orphans, or virtual orphans, it is difficult to over-estimate the improvement it will effect in their condition. The conception does the highest credit to Mr. Goschen, and we trust that he will not long be content with exacting these securities in the case of children boarded out at a distance. Children boarded out within the precincts of their own Unions have an equal claim on his care, and though there is not the same excuse for calling in voluntary agency, there is quite as much need for its employment. The Guardians are very properly the representatives of the ratepayers, and as such they are bound to throw no unnecessary burdens on the rates. But as regards three classes of paupers—children, the aged, and the sick—there is need that they should have some representative nearer at hand

than the Central Board. Mr. Goschen has had the courage to look for such representatives in voluntary committees, and in doing this he has lighted on a principle which will be found fruitful in other applications.

THE THEATRES.

THE dramatic version of the *Old Curiosity Shop* which has been produced at the Olympic is sufficiently successful to encourage authors in seeking materials for their plays in popular novels. Two or three characters and scenes are accurately copied from the original illustrations of the story, and in particular the figure of Mr. Quilp looks as if it had walked out of one of the well-remembered monthly parts. In spite of the number of theatres, and the competition of opera with plays, London is large enough to supply an audience when anything really attractive is put upon the stage. The adapter of this story is able to assume that it is familiar to every person in the theatre; and as the story has been read by many thousands of people who have not seen the first edition of it, the figures of Mr. Quilp, the Marchioness, and Mr. Swiveller are likely to be generally ascribed to the invention of the actors rather than to their skill in copying. It is curious that some critics in the newspapers take exception to the character of Mr. Quilp as an improbably atrocious monster, whereas the adapter has kept close to the text, and the actor has faithfully copied the pictures of the novel. The savagery of Quilp was perhaps overdrawn by Mr. Dickens, but the local circumstances in which he placed him were sketched with admirable fidelity from the East of London as it appeared thirty years ago. Mr. Quilp's ostensible business was that of a shipbreaker, which is different from that of a shipbroker, and when Mr. Dickens wrote the story this business flourished exceedingly on the banks of the Thames. Many a famous relic of the great naval war adorned the wharfs of Rotherhithe and Wapping, and probably the hull of the *Téméraire*, Lord Nelson's second astern at Trafalgar, suffered disintegration at the riverside under the eyes of Mr. Dickens or the artist who illustrated his story. The counting-house roughly built of wood, with its stove, and the ship's figure-head which Mr. Quilp had selected to ornament his apartment for its likeness to the detested Kit, were all doubtless suggested to the author by careful exploration of one of the least known parts of London. It is remarkable that, in one of his latest works, Mr. Dickens again returned to this locality, and described it with all the force and accuracy which he had shown in his early years of authorship. The intimate acquaintance of Mr. Dickens with every phase of contemporary English life was the secret of his enormous popularity. So long as he wrote chiefly from observation, everybody read his novels; but when he began to depend largely on invention, the circle of his admirers became contracted. The counting-house in which Mr. Quilp treats Mr. Sampson Brass to boiling rum was one of his happiest efforts in utilizing his own knowledge of out-of-the-way places. The wild features of the scene are not in the least exaggerated, and they seem to give an air almost of probability to the semi-barbaric violence of the proceedings. The boy at the wharf was, and perhaps still is, a possible character at the river-side, and it is to be feared that if there were a Quilp now in existence, he would find without difficulty a Brass to do his legal business.

Another phase of English life was represented with equal truth by Mr. Dickens in the travelling showmen into whose company Nell and the old man fell. The scene where Punch and Judy are undergoing repair in the churchyard is accurately copied in the play from an illustration in the novel. The childish delight of the old man in the figure of Punch sitting on a tombstone is one of the finest touches of the master-hand. Passing from pathetic to humorous delineation, it would be difficult to improve upon Mrs. Jarley's waxwork, or the landlord's description of the stew which is preparing for the proprietors of Punch and Judy and the performing dogs. The supper at the inn is suppressed in the play, but Mrs. Jarley takes her tea on her drumhead with great solemnity. All readers of the story, or in other words the entire public, will see the play with pleasure, but if it were possible to find an audience who had not read the story it may be questioned whether they would be greatly interested by the play. We do not, however, say this in disparagement. The play affords considerable scope for acting, and it does not depend for its success merely on the sensational incidents of "the death of Quilp" and "the vision of the angels" who bear Nell heavenward in the last scene. We have seen enough, and too much, of fires upon the stage, and we prefer the Marchioness to any quantity of angels, in which opinion we should expect to be supported by the high authority of Mr. Swiveller. The adapter has probably made as good a play as was practicable with his materials, and at any rate it is a more workmanlike performance than his absurd mutilation of another novel for Drury Lane Theatre. He appears to have had the permission of Mr. Dickens for the former work, but we question whether Sir Walter Scott would have approved the latter. However, *Amy Robart* does not pretend to be much more than a gorgeous spectacle, whereas *Nell* claims to be called a play.

We learn from an advertisement that an agency has been established for introducing dramatic authors to managers of theatres. Plays, we are informed, are read—we suppose critically—for the

moderate sum of half-a-crown an act, and are copied for five shillings an act. This estimate of the value of criticism is perhaps true, and is certainly not flattering to critics. It is to be hoped that by this agency or some other means English dramatic authors may be brought forward to supply the void which is likely to be created at our theatres by the temporary non-productiveness of French authors. The supply of Parisian fashions in dress is by some inscrutable process still maintained; but that of French plays has wholly failed. We are glad, therefore, to observe that at the Haymarket Theatre an original play, called the *Palace of Truth*, has been produced with considerable success. Here again it is to be observed that the public show their readiness in appreciating even moderately good work. This play is called a fairy comedy, because of the magical influence which compels all dwellers in a country palace of the King to tell the truth; but the King, the Queen, and the other characters in the drama are not fairies, but very substantial mortals. The play is written in blank verse, in which the inconvenient consequences of telling truth are exhibited with much force of satire. The King supposes himself to possess a talisman against truth-telling, and, relying on its efficacy, he has been talking freely. But the talisman has been exchanged for a counterfeit of no efficacy, and the King thus left without protection has considerably enlightened the Queen as to the history of his life. The Princess, under the same influence, confesses to the Prince the love which maidenly reserve had hitherto concealed, while the Prince owns that vanity more than love had led him to engage himself to the Princess. This character of the Prince is more truthful than pleasant, and we begin to remember, as we listen to this play, that it was once reputed to be the function of the stage to hold the mirror up to nature. The fairy comedy is followed by a short piece called *Uncle's Will*, which is neatly written and excites warm applause. It is satisfactory to find that the art of writing plays as distinguished from the mere stringing together of sensational scenes, is still cultivated with encouraging results at some of the London theatres. Mr. Gilbert has done well in the *Palace of Truth*, and its success may enable him to do better.

If the public welcomes new pieces, it also receives with favour any adequate attempt to revive old pieces. Pending the preparation of the fairy comedy, the *Rivals* was played nightly at the Haymarket Theatre to full houses, amid hearty manifestations of enjoyment. This is an unmistakable sign of a healthy public taste, and equal encouragement may be drawn from the reception of Shakespeare's plays at the Queen's Theatre. It is perhaps surprising that Mr. Phelps, who is excellent in so many parts, should choose to play *Othello*, and to play it in a small theatre where spectators cannot by any artifice disguise from themselves the fact that Mr. Phelps is far too old. When he says that he is declined into the vale of years, "Yet that's not much," it is palpable to the dullest apprehension that it is much. However, the pit and gallery are undeniably gratified with Mr. Phelps's performance, which they have the advantage of witnessing from a greater distance than the occupants of stalls who pay the most money and have the worst places in the house. It is worth while to observe that if a play of Shakespeare is tolerably well acted, it will always fill the pit and gallery of a theatre. In the upper classes of society many people go to Italian Operas and French plays because it is the fashion, but it can hardly be doubted that a tradesman or artisan does not pay his money to see *Othello* unless he likes it. Perhaps the truth is that the people who in our day like to see Shakespeare acted are not the people who read Shakespeare. There are probably among the audiences at the Queen's Theatre hundreds of persons who do not know what is going to happen to Desdemona until the fifth act of the play is reached. It is almost impossible for us to understand the mental condition of such persons, but some useful knowledge may be gained by noting how phrases which are to us hackneyed seem to fall freshly on the ears of pit and gallery. A good instance of this is furnished by a passage in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which is now being played four nights a week at the Queen's Theatre, while the other two nights are devoted to *Othello*. Bottom and his fellows have offered their play to the Duke of Athens, but his Lord Chamberlain advises him not to accept it. These answers:

I will hear that play,
For never anything can be amiss
When simplicity and duty tender it.

That speech is sure to call forth applause, which shows that the pit and gallery are attentive to the play and understand it. This play, however, with its musical and scenic accessories, seems to fill the boxes and stalls rather than the cheaper parts of the house. Mr. Phelps, as everybody knows, plays the part of Bottom admirably, and it cannot matter in the least how old he looks in such a part. Yet the pit and gallery would rather see him play *Othello*.

Assuming that a taste for Shakespeare's plays exists in the pit and galleries of our theatres, if nowhere else, the question arises how in future years it is to be gratified. Where are the rising actors who are to take the places of the veterans who have been well known to the London public at least from the time when Mr. Macready was lessee of Drury Lane Theatre? Where is the actor who could now play *Othello* as Mr. Phelps could have played it when he was a young man? The *Midsummer Night's Dream* is, as a whole, exceedingly well performed at the Queen's Theatre; but the parts of the two lovers, Lysander and

Demetrius, are unsatisfactorily filled. Reverting for the moment to the *Rivals*, we may apply the same remark to the character of Captain Absolute. There seems to be a dearth of rising actors in tragedy and high comedy, and the cause of this dearth is not difficult to discover. In fact, there has been of late years no sufficient encouragement to dramatic talent to develop itself in this line. We may hope that the success of the old plays of which we have been speaking indicates in this respect an improvement in public taste.

REVIEWS.

JOHN WESLEY.*

THE two works which have just issued from the press to the praise and honour of John Wesley resemble each other in nothing except their authors' almost unqualified admiration of that good and eminent man. Miss Wedgwood would not have us regard her book as a biography in the strict sense of the word. "The object of representation," she tells us, "is not the vicissitude of a particular life, but that element in the life which impressed itself on the life of a nation;" the part borne by Wesley in bringing about that revival of religious feeling which characterized the close of the last century and the opening of the present. Her task is accomplished in an agreeable manner, and with much literary skill. Her illustrations of the morals of what she calls "Hanoverian England," at the period when the Wesleys were young Oxonians, are derived from sources which, if not very recondite, are at least fresh and wholesome. Her characters are drawn with great fairness and discrimination. Viewing Methodism from without, and as only one part of a great spiritual movement, she is under no temptation to exaggerate its influence over the national mind. Theologians may smile at the lady's logic, which enables her to settle so neatly the knotty dogmas respecting Predestination and Free-will. The general reader may perhaps wish for a little more information than she affords him about the peculiarities of doctrine and discipline which distinguish the Wesleyan communion from its elder or younger rivals. But in spite of these and some other slight drawbacks her volume well repays a careful perusal, and most persons will be the wiser, some doubtless the better, for the time they may devote to her pleasant pages.

The Rev. L. Tyerman is a very different sort of person, and his work in most respects contrasts strongly with Miss Wedgwood's. The key-note is struck in the very first sentence of his Introduction. "Is it not a truth that Methodism is the greatest fact in the history of the Church of Christ? Methodism has now existed one hundred and thirty years. Is there any one system that has spread itself so widely in an equal period? We doubt it." It occurs to him, indeed, that there is such a history as "The Acts of the Apostles," and some persons will call to mind Tertullian's rhetorical, but hardly extravagant, boast, *Hesterni sumus, orbem impicimus*; yet on the whole Mr. Tyerman regards the area over which Primitive Christianity spread itself within the same time as "insignificantly small" in comparison. Then, coming down from declamation to statistics, he informs us that, in 1864, the Society founded by John Wesley comprised in Great Britain and Ireland about 380,000 members, and 1,782 regular ministers; having besides, "in England only, 11,804 lay preachers, preaching 8,754 sermons every Sabbath day." Its success in the United States of America is "far more marvellous"; and, putting together all the official returns to which he has access, our author brings up the whole mass of persons throughout the world that are full members of the Society to nearly three million souls, their ordained ministers to 21,875. As if these large numbers were not sufficient, he next includes in his calculations about three million Sunday scholars and six million casual hearers, "thus making up a total of twelve millions of persons receiving Methodist instruction"; "a day never passing without numbers of its converts being admitted into heaven." This last statement, put forth with just as much confidence as any of the rest, is a characteristic example of that undue familiarity with holy things which has given Methodism so firm a hold on the imaginations and affections of simple, half-educated men and women. It is the secret of the strength of the Wesleyan system, but renders its moral and religious influence over its votaries, whether in regard to doctrine or to practice, as far as possible from an unmingled blessing.

John Wesley (1703-1791), some time Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, is beyond question one of the world's great men. As the founder of a formidable sect he has become famous in spite of his own hopes and lifelong efforts, inasmuch as his principles naturally lead up to results which he could not or would not foresee. By parentage, education, and profession, by loving choice and deliberate conviction, he was a dutiful son of the Church of England, which so many of those who now call themselves by his name would deem it a good work to overthrow. His father, Samuel Wesley, distinguished for his learning in a learned age, had been early rewarded for his zeal in behalf of the Revolution by Queen Mary, who presented him to the second best

Crown living in Lincolnshire, that of Epworth, in the small district in the north of that county lying west of the Trent. In after years he added to it the neighbouring rectory of Wroote; the present income of the two exceeding 1,200*l.* a year. We enter into these details by way of showing that the chronic state of poverty and debt in which the good man was involved in later life, and of which letters printed for the first time by Mr. Tyerman afford such painful evidence, arose more from mismanagement than from unavoidable misfortune or the burden of a large family. The truth is that, although so distinguished as a clergyman that he long represented his diocese in Convocation, at a time when Convocation could act as well as talk; although his writings were so respectable that his posthumous and very orthodox Commentary on Job is profitably used by Biblical scholars at the present day; yet for very simplicity of mind and lack of worldly wisdom he might have sat for the picture of Fielding's Parson Adams. His son John, though most respectful and affectionate, never seems to have been swayed in the least by his counsels or his judgment. His wife Susannah was the ruling spirit of the house, and in her punctual, orderly administration Miss Wedgwood discerns "a distinct germ of the whole Methodist discipline, with all of its excellences and only some of its faults." It passes our comprehension how Southey, who throughout his exquisite *Life of John Wesley* is a little careless about dry facts, could venture to say that "no man was ever more suitably mated than the elder Wesley." Such, at any rate, was not the lady's opinion. "It is an unhappiness almost peculiar to our family," she writes to her son John when he was only twenty-two, "that your father and I seldom think alike" (Tyerman, p. 32); nor does she perceive that the heavier portion of the blame must have rested on herself. Shrewd, resolute, and well-informed, actuated by the noblest principles and the truest piety, lacking only a certain softness of disposition to make the perfect woman, while we have too many tokens that there was little peace with her at home, she fixed the stamp of her decided character on her illustrious son. He too, like his mother, was full of zeal for the promotion of godliness, unselfish in every action and every thought, a little cold in feeling, his only vice the love of ruling, an inordinate lust for spiritual power. Once only in his long lifetime had he a chance of escaping from that proud isolation which, if it helped him to become what he was, the ghostly father of so many thousands, deprived him of the very possibility of sympathy with venial infirmities, or of attaining to a profound knowledge of the human heart. All his biographers have naturally dwelt upon the strange episode of his love for the sprightly girl who, when he was a missionary in Georgia, at the mature age of thirty-four, had nearly tempted him into marriage. So strong a hold this disappointment took on him that he could not think of "Miss Sophy," fifty years later, without mental agony. In his private diary, kept from his youth to advanced old age, of which his published journal is but a selected expansion, the story seems to have been left half untold. From this source, however, if at all, as Miss Wedgwood justly perceives (p. 111), a different light may even yet be thrown upon a matter which came in its sequel to cast a shadow upon all who were concerned in it. But this diary is in private keeping, not readily accessible; and being mainly written in a minute character, and in Byrom's antiquated system of shorthand, is about as intelligible to the vulgar as the cipher despatches at Simancas. It was not till long afterwards that, *circa lustra decem*, he again ventured upon courtship; and the union which ensued, to use Miss Wedgwood's very gentle language, "seems chiefly remarkable for exhibiting his extreme forbearance" (p. 246). The wife of his choice, a widow of substance and decent position, turned out a very Tisiphone. She was consumed with jealousy if, even in his pastoral duty, he spoke a civil word to another woman. She intercepted his letters, rifled his desk, maligned his reputation, tore his hair, left him in a rage, returned the next year to be his plague and shame till she died. All this he bore with patience, but it was the patience of a stern and determined spirit. The exact state of the case is set forth by Southey in his inimitable way:—

She deserves to be classed in a triad with Xantippe and the wife of Job, as one of the three bad wives. Wesley, indeed, was neither so submissive as Socrates, nor so patient as the man of Uz. He knew that he was by nature the stronger vessel, of the more worthy gender, and lord and master by law; and that the words *honour and obey* were in the bond. "Know me," said he in one of his letters to her, "and know yourself. Suspect me no more, asperse me no more, provoke me no more. Do not any longer contend for mastery, for power, money, or praise. Be content to be a private insignificant person, known and loved by God and me. . . . Of what importance is your character to mankind? If you were buried just now, or if you had never lived, what loss would it be . . . ?" This was very true, but not very conciliating; and there are few stomachs which could bear to have humility administered in such doses.—*Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 182.

By such home experiences, in childhood and in middle life, John Wesley's temper was first moulded, then petrified. What wonder if he used to discourse with his preachers about the blessings of celibacy to such as could endure it, and to seek his own happiness abroad? And those who most deplore the schism of which he was the most unwilling though not altogether the innocent cause, have always been foremost in recognising him as a mighty instrument in the restoration of religion in the last century. Not that Christian life was so nearly extinct in England as some have been willing to believe, or to speak as if they believed, but there are ominous symptoms that betoken the gravity of the crisis. "Be steady," were the dying words of Samuel Wesley to his children; "the Christian faith will surely

* *The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Founder of the Methodists.* By the Rev. L. Tyerman, Author of the "Life and Times of the Rev. S. Wesley, M.A." (Father of the Revs. J. and C. Wesley). Vol. I. To be completed in 3 vols. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1870.

John Wesley and the Evangelical Reaction of the Eighteenth Century. By Julia Wedgwood. London: Macmillan & Co. 1870.

revive in this kingdom; you shall see it, though I shall not." Yet, though to the old man the prospect in 1735 seemed thus dark, a bright day for English theology was even then breaking. Butler had already written his *Analogy*, that masterpiece of apologetic divinity, which he presented to Queen Caroline the next year. Daniel Waterland had buckled on his armour, and was defending the Bible against Tindal and the scoffing crew with a force of reasoning that could not be put to rebuke. William Law, in his *Serious Call*, had withdrawn men's attention from the outward defence of Christianity to its inward spirit. The flood-tide of infidelity had been somewhat checked when the Oxford Methodists began to run their course. What benefit was wrought for the careless or the evil-liver by the outdoor preaching of John Wesley and his younger brother Charles, by Whitefield, and the host of their fellow-labourers, will never be known till all secrets are disclosed. Narrow indeed must be the understanding, cold the heart, which is not thankful to them, and to that Providence which raised them up for their difficult and most needful work. Yet in the course of it, though the men were set in all honesty and singleness of mind on the great business of their ministerial calling, the errors they committed through mistakes in judgment and infirmity of temper did much to frustrate their efforts and to mar their success. It would be disingenuous to suppress, as it would be worse than disingenuous to exaggerate, the faults of those who devoted their lives to the best and holiest of causes.

First there rose up, between the Wesley brothers on the one hand and their once humble pupil Whitefield on the other, the wretched dispute respecting Predestination and Free-will; a controversy which in all its bearings can be grasped by no finite intellect, and whose difficulties are not peculiar to revealed religion; they cannot be evaded by taking refuge in Atheism itself. Whitefield, as is well known, embraced the predestinarian view popularly known as that of Calvin, and with him accorded the Welsh Methodists, especially those of Lady Huntingdon's Connexion. The Wesleys, on the other hand, insisted on the freedom of Divine grace, and sometimes adopted the foolish appellation of Arminians, derived from an obscure Dutch theologian of the seventeenth century. In this deplorable debate, which wiser men would not have meddled with at all, both parties lost temper and discretion and common charity to a degree which no one who has not painfully toiled through their dreary polemics would desire to think possible. Then comes the Wesleyan dogma of personal assurance, not always maintained by the founder himself without exception or misgiving, yet forming the one great point of difference between the doctrine of his Society and that of every other form or modification of Christian belief. No one can be in a state of salvation (such is the teaching of Wesleyanism) who is not conscious of a change of heart and spirit, the definite act of a moment that cannot be unknown to the individual. This state of grace may indeed be lost, but so long as the consciousness of Divine favour abides, the soul is safe. We need not insist on the excesses which such a notion necessarily produced in the early history of Methodism, and which among uncultivated people of enthusiastic temperament it produces still. Trances and ecstasies, strong crying and tears, extravagances that shock the thoughtful and move the sceptic to scorn, were only the too ordinary results of John Wesley's preaching at one period of his long career. He was at times perplexed by them, he was too intelligent to yield entire credence to them, but he steadily refused to discountenance them. They still cleave to the system, very much (as we may well suppose) to the dismay and disgust of the more educated members of his widespread communion.

It has been a favourite theme for the consideration of those who are grieved or alarmed at contemplating the religious divisions of modern England, whether at an early period of the Methodist movement it would have been possible for the rulers of the Church to retain within her pale the energies and affections of the principal leaders and their first converts. That the Church of Rome would have contrived to do so may be at once confessed, inasmuch as she is ever ready to tolerate much irregularity, even to wink at much that she positively condemns, if perchance the visible bond of union may be maintained unbroken. But at the beginning of their course the extent and tendencies of their work were of course hidden from the revivalists themselves, and barely attracted the notice of those in authority. Then came those breaches of ecclesiastical discipline which the bishops could not overlook, but were content to deal with temperately, even tenderly. When the season of excitement and of physical demonstrations had once commenced, there was much that those who were responsible for the care of the Church could not have helped correcting; and what likelihood was there that their admonitions would have been listened to? The relation of his brothers, John and Charles, to the Church at this juncture is pretty clearly set forth in a letter of their elder brother Samuel, the acute and able Master of Tiverton School, written to their mother a few days before his death in 1739:—

As I told Jack, I am not afraid the Church should excommunicate him (discipline is at too low an ebb), but that he should excommunicate the Church. It is pretty near it. Holiness and good works are not so much as conditions of our acceptance. Love feasts are introduced, and extemporary prayers, and expositions of Scripture, which last are enough to bring on all confusion; nor is it likely they will want any miracles to support them. He only who ruleth the madness of the people can stop them from being a formed sect.

And a formed sect, alas! they have become, to the grave loss of themselves and of the Church they have deserted.

Mr. Tyerman's work was fairly called for, both by the fact that no Life of Wesley had been published for forty years, and because Southey's, the only one tolerably written as a literary performance, is the production of a writer who was not himself a member of the Society, who in few points of character resembled the subject of his memoir, and who possessed no sources of information which were not already before the world. Mr. Tyerman, we presume, is a Wesleyan minister, and his materials, both printed and in manuscript, have been accumulating for seventeen years. He has made most diligent use of them, and his history, in regard to its facts, is incomparably more full than any that preceded it. His present volume carries us down to the year 1747, the forty-fourth of his hero's life. Two more volumes, now on the eve of publication, will complete Mr. Tyerman's labours. We have already given our readers one specimen of his taste and manner. It is not easy to exaggerate the importance of the religious movement started by Wesley, but he has certainly managed to do so. Indeed in every page we trace, not the broad views of an enlightened thinker, but the sectarian prejudices too natural in his position. Yet we have no great right perhaps to complain that Dorians speak their mother Doric. One thing only we will beg him to eschew in his future volumes, and that by reason of our deep veneration for the great name he is celebrating. "What do you mean, sir," said the gallant Oglethorpe on that voyage to Georgia, to their fellow-passengers who amused their leisure by jeering at the two brothers—"do you take these gentlemen for tithe-pig parsons? They are gentlemen of learning and respectability." They were so indeed, at once by nature and by liberal culture. As of gentlemen then let Mr. Tyerman write of them, since he is pleased to write what we are glad to read. To cite one instance of our meaning out of a multitude—if he wants to tell us another time that at Savannah John Wesley gave over his earlier habit of observing the Church fasts on Wednesdays and Fridays, and came to attach less importance than heretofore to some other ancient practices, he might surely do so in language less like the wail of an aggrieved parishioner than the following:—

There can be but little doubt that he had ecclesiastical authority for most, if not all, his priestly practices; and so have the half papistical priests and ritualists of the present day. But as England now is right in resisting the introduction of rites and ceremonies, fasts and feasts, confessions and penances, absolutions and interdicts, savouring more of the Man of Sin than of the word of God—so Savannah then was right in resisting similar innovations attempted to be introduced by the extremely High Church priest, fresh from the society of the Oxford Methodists.

THE NAMES OF THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET.*

HERE are two papers read before the same Society, which, to some extent, occupy the same ground. That is to say, Mr. Fry gets on Mr. Cayley's ground, though Mr. Cayley does not get on Mr. Fry's ground. Mr. Cayley has opened a question, not perhaps of very absorbing importance, but still curious as far as it goes, and quite worth working out. Mr. Fry opens a question which, if we could believe it likely ever to have any practical existence, would be of frightful importance to all people who have anything to do with the arts of reading and writing. It seems that "the Council of the Philological Society, thinking that it is desirable and practicable to amend the Orthography of the English language," appointed a Committee "to consider the direction, extent, and nature of such amendments, and to report thereon to the Society." As might have been expected, the Committee did not agree, and all that it had to report was that it had nothing to report. But two members of the Committee, Mr. A. J. Ellis and Mr. Fry, were to be allowed to lay "their respective views" before the Society, and we here have the views of Mr. Fry.

Mr. Fry's scheme for altering the spelling of English strikes us as neither better nor worse than the thousand other schemes for the same purpose which have been put forth to an unthankful world from the sixteenth century onwards. We are not sure whether it is a gain or a loss that Mr. Fry's proposed changes are not quite so violent as those of some other projectors. We are not sure whether a page of Mr. Fry—for he prints his pamphlet according to his own scheme—in which more words than not are spelled as we commonly spell them, and all are so spelled that we can at least tell what words are meant, is not really more provoking than a page which looks altogether outlandish, and is stuck about with dots and italics and characters borrowed from all the alphabets of the world. It is the same sort of difference as between a page of klephtic Greek, which we feel that we have no right to understand and which we respect accordingly, and a page of high-polite newspaper Greek, which comes so near to the Attic tongue as to make us angry whenever it departs from it. The truth is that the whole thing is chimerical. We cannot reform spelling or pronunciation or anything else according to fixed rules. No doubt Mr. Fry points out plenty of blots and anomalies in our received manner of spelling, and his system does not make quite such ruthless havoc of etymology as some other systems. Still there is enough to offend everybody all round. It is absolutely certain that Mr. Fry will not persuade anybody to write *is* instead of *iz*. To the general public it is quite objection enough that it looks queer and ugly; the scholar will add the further objection that it wipes out a trace of the con-

* Philological Society. On the Modern Names of the Letters of the Alphabet. By C. B. Cayley, B.A.
On the Improvement of English Orthography: a Paper read at the Philological Society. By Danby P. Fry. London: Asher & Co. 1870.

nexion between the English form and the forms in the other kindred languages. Besides, the change is utterly needless; it is certain that people will not change their pronunciation on account of any changes in spelling. On the other hand, when Mr. Fry wishes people to write *tung* for *tongue*, though we have very little hope, yet we have a lingering wish that he may succeed, because the ending *gue* may well suggest the idea that the honest English word comes from that "Wälsch Zung" which, as the old Swabian said, "ist untrü." Here and there, where the spelling is palpably founded on error, it is worth while to withstand an innovation or even to try to bring back an obsolete form. The spelling *rhyme*, for instance, is so palpably grounded on an utter mistake, that it would be a gain to get back the true spelling *rime*, if only the printers would let us. It would be a good thing to make printers understand that a "guarantee" is a person, while a "guaranty" is a thing; and such horrible innovations as "neighbor" and "succor" are of course to be fought against tooth and nail. But any general change to order of our received spelling seems to us altogether hopeless, and, as all proposed systems would do more or less to wipe out the history of the language, we look on all of them, not with hope, but with fear.

But we will turn to the more interesting paper of Mr. Cayley, and to Mr. Fry, so far as he gets on Mr. Cayley's ground. Mr. Cayley's subject is the names of the letters of the alphabet. Many people, we really believe, do not know that the letters of the alphabet have any names. They might perhaps allow that the Hebrew or Greek letters have names, but it never came into their heads that the English letters have names also. Many people really seem unable to distinguish between the name of the letter and the letter itself. Hence, we believe, the mysterious process called "spelling," whereby a child is held to be somehow advanced towards knowing that the letters D O G represent the sound which they do represent by saying over a sound which is utterly different, namely the sound DE-O-GEE. It has always struck us as something bordering on miracle that children, after all, do read *Dog* and *Cat*, though they are carefully taught to read *Deogee* and *Seaytee*. To be sure the whole process of learning the alphabet is made so needlessly hard that we have sometimes wondered how there can be so many stupid people in the world as there are. For most of them have learned the alphabet, and he who has learned that can surely learn anything else. But on the other hand the fact may be explained on the theory that many people wear out their whole stock of intellectual power in this one stupendous effort of their lives, and have no more strength left in them to learn anything ever after. It might really lessen the hardships of the mightiest of human achievements, if people would learn of Mr. Cayley that the English letters really have names, arbitrary names, just as much as the Greek and Hebrew letters. They might thus come to understand that to teach a child the names *Double-you*, *Er*, *Wy*, and *Zed* is by no means the same thing as to teach him the sounds represented by the letters W, X, Y, Z. As Mr. Cayley says:—

It is a prevailing custom to make every letter spell its own name; so that, though I have seen in some History of Greece the phrase "those *cases* on your shields," I suppose most printers and writers would at the present day prefer "those *S's*."

But a moment's thought will show that *Aitch*, *Kew*, *Double-you*, *Wy*, and *Zed* are as much names as Alpha and Beta; that is to say, they do not express the sound of the letters. According to the analogy of other letters we should rather say *Wee* and *Zee* than *Double-you* and *Zed*. But a moment's more thought will show that *Wee* and *Zee* also, and *Ay*, *Bee*, *Cee*, and the rest to boot, are names just as much. It is not only true that *Seaytee* does not make the sound of *Cat*, but it is further true that the first two syllables, *See* and *Ay*, do not even suggest any part of the proper sound of *Cat*, but would rather suggest the sound *Sate*. Mr. Cayley goes through the whole matter, showing from Priscian and Ausonius that the Romans gave the letters monosyllabic names, and that Priscian had already remarked that in some of the names of consonants the vowel goes before, as in *ef*, while in others it goes after the consonant, as in *be*. But it is plain that the *ef* type is the exception, while the *be* type is the rule. Let us hear Mr. Cayley's explanation of the fact, which, whether sound or not, is at least ingenious:—

However, there can be nothing more probable than that Priscian's *be*, *ka*, *ga* come from *beta*, *happa*, *koppa* by contraction, and that other names have been similarly contracted like *de* for *delta*, or assimilated to their neighbours as *ce* to *be* and *de*, or to cognate sounds as *te* for *tau* to *de*; though I don't know whether *ce* had originally a name accommodated from *gamma* or *gimel*, or some name of different origin. On the other hand, we cannot well derive *em* from *mu* *Mū*, but we may derive it from *mēm* *Ḥē*; for whereas ordinary words are most easily contracted by dropping final or medial letters, those words which have a reduplicated form, I do not care whether casual or how originating, are as frequently contracted by dropping initial letters. In like manner, I think, *en* comes from *nūn* *Ḥē*; only in the vowel it has been assimilated to *en*; this being just the converse of what took place in the Greek alphabet, where *Mū* for *nēm* was assimilated to *Nū* for *nūn*. Again, since *F* agrees in form and alphabetical position with the Digamma and the Hebrew *vāw*, I think it had a name accommodated from *vāw* or the occasional *vāw*, say *fēf*, whence *ef* by omitting the reduplication. The form of *em* seems to have influenced *el* for *lambda*, and the somewhat remoter letters *er*, *es*. It is indeed not very clear why the last two should not have retained names commencing in a consonant like *rho* and *san* or *sigma*, or *reish* or *roush* and *sāmekh*; but these names must have varied considerably at different times and places.

We must remember that, as the alphabet certainly came into Italy from Phœnicia, and as it is not absolutely necessary to sup-

pose that it came through Greece, the appeal to the Hebrew is here perfectly lawful.

Mr. Cayley goes carefully through the whole thing. It would perhaps have been an improvement if he had not been so purely classical, but had looked a little to mediæval witnesses on the same point. Take for instance the famous line on Gerbert, Archbishop of Rheims, then of Ravenna, and lastly Pope Silvester the Second:

Scandit ab R Gerbertus ad R, post Papa regens R.

It is plain that the name of the letter R must have been much the same in the tenth century as it is now.

We will now quote Mr. Fry on the same head, a quotation which will also illustrate his proposed way of spelling:—

The question of the alphabetic names of the letters is one of considerable importance, not only in teaching, but in other respects. Not only are children dreadfully puzzled by them in learning to spell, but people are continually misled by them both in spelling and in pronouncing individual words. Indeed, many changes in pronunciation are traceable directly to the influence of the alphabetic names of the letters, which are often erroneously supposed to represent their orthographic powers. I venture to suggest that where a letter has two recognized or standard values, it should be allowed two names. There is, perhaps, nothing on which teachers so frequently complain as the illogical and deceptive character of English spelling; but if a child were taught to say, *kee*, a, *tee*, *cat*; *dee*, o, *gai*, *dog*; he would at least be saved from the mischievous absurdity of being told that *see*, a, *tee*, spells *cat*, and *dee*, o, *jee*, spells *dog*. These examples are often adduced as proofs of the inconsistency of our orthography and the necessity for its reform; but a little reflection will show that this argument is founded on a strange misconception of the facts. The word *dog* is one of the best spelt words in the language. It does not seem possible to improve it; nor does any one, so far as I am aware, propose to alter it. Even those who complain most about it do not suggest any change in it. It is obvious, indeed, that the fault is not in the orthography of the word, but solely in the alphabetic name of its last letter. The learner naturally supposes that "dee, o, jee," must be pronounced *dog*, and is surprised to find that it is pronounced *dog*. If the last letter were called *gai*, this difficulty would vanish.

There can be no doubt, I think, that the Greek and Hebrew system of giving proper names to the letters is in some respects preferable to the Latin and English practice of giving them phonetic names. There is, however, no question before us as to adopting "proper names" for our letters; no one proposes this; and the only question is, whether we should not do wisely to improve the "phonetic names" so as to render them consistent with the orthographic uses of the letters. There are, indeed, in the English alphabet, two letters with "proper names"—*zed*, which is the Greek *zeta*; and *double u*, which is a descriptive name of our own invention.

A good deal of this is of course much the same as what we have been ourselves saying. But Mr. Cayley would not allow that the English names are purely phonetic, and Mr. Fry does not seem fully to realize that the sounds "keatee" no more produce the sound CAT than the sounds "seaytee" do. Mr. Fry goes on to treat us to fifty names for letters and "digraphs." Truly these things are too much for us.

GRIMM'S ALEXANDRA FEODOROWNA.

WHY Herr von Grimm should have written a big book about the Empress Alexandra Feodorowna is a question to which even the meanest intellect can easily find a satisfactory reply. But why Lady Wallace should have taken the trouble to translate that book is a mystery which we find ourselves entirely unable to explain. Translators are for the most part exceedingly meritorious citizens of the republic of letters, toiling hard but earning little, spreading the fame of other men but seldom gaining any for themselves. Therefore they deserve all encouragement—so long as they do not translate trashy books. But the book now before us is trashy, and worse than trashy. A false air hangs about it from beginning to end. Not intentionally false, perhaps, for its author may have been perfectly conscientious in his worship of the idols he has set up for himself in high places—may have been so long exposed to the mendacious atmosphere of a despotic Court that it has become impossible for him to distinguish between what is the truth and what is not. But the book is none the less false because its author may have written it in good faith, may have believed in it himself. We may even be touched by the fidelity it shows, but we are not in the least inclined on that account to accept its opinions, to endorse its misstatements, or to feel anything like respect for that class of upper servants in palaces whose judgments it confirms, and with whose whole tone of thought it is so thoroughly in keeping.

The Empress Alexandra Feodorowna was a lady who greatly endeared herself to her family and to the small circle of her immediate acquaintances. Regarded as a wife and a mother she is worthy of all praise. Slander never sullied her fair fame, and she preserved throughout her life, and carried with her to the grave, the respect, together with the affection, of the mighty personages as well as the unimportant persons among whom she held the even tenor of her way. But this is about as much as can fairly be said in her praise. If she had few faults, she had, beyond her family circle, but few active virtues. Perhaps it may be reckoned among her virtues that she never interfered in politics, but her passiveness as regarded social matters in Russia cannot be added to that reckoning. She might have done much, if it had so pleased her, to promote the cause of popular education, to create a feeling of public charity, to give a noble tone to the thoughts and aspirations of the rich, to soften to some extent the hard lot of the poor,

* *Alexandra Feodorowna, Empress of Russia.* By A. Th. von Grimm. Translated by Lady Wallace. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1870

and, above all, to mitigate the deliberate cruelty of her Imperial consort. All this she might have done, but of all this she did but very little. And therefore it is that no excuse can be pleaded for making her the subject of a eulogy in two bulky volumes.

But what makes Herr von Grimm's work not only uncalled for but intolerable is that it is not so much a life of the Empress Alexandra Feodorowna as an apology for, or rather a deification of, the Emperor Nicholas. This is what prevents his book from being classed among those which are simply imbecile, and gives it a claim to be ticketed mischievous or even dangerous. False information about historical personages is always objectionable, but it may be harmless. It may not be very material whether we are or are not rightly informed as to the personal character of "Amosias, of the 18th dynasty," though it was doubtless a subject of great interest to the Shepherd Kings, if he really expelled them from Egypt. There are some questions which, as has been remarked in reference to the songs which the Sirens used to sing and the name that Achilles bore at Scyros, are never likely to be settled, and the fact of their remaining unanswered is not of much importance to any one. But the difference between truth and falsehood as regards the character and the designs of such a monarch as the late Emperor Nicholas is of very great importance to us, especially as we can scarcely entertain a wrong idea about him without being equally wrong in our ideas respecting the empire which he ruled, and which is likely to exercise no small influence upon the future of our own country.

Let us first take Herr von Grimm's fancy sketch of the Emperor. Nicholas, according to him, was an almost more than mortal being, possessed of a demigod's shape, a "profound and fruitful mind," and a heart which was "his greatest treasure." It is true that not until his travels in England and Germany "did the depths of his character come to light," but they had existed before. Then it was, however, that

nature made as profound an impression on him as the friendship and love of men, and the arts of painting and music; he felt equally free and happy in the stately castle of an English nobleman, in the studio of an artist, or in the beech woods, where he listened dreamily for hours to the night-ingales. He acquired knowledge of life and of the world in its endless fulness, and of himself also.

He was, it seems, "a thorough man, who either attracted or repulsed with irresistible force," and he was, "as Grand Duke, the first and most loyal subject of his brother; as Emperor, a born ruler sent by Providence." He "detested all flattery through life," and when a throne was offered to him "he was devoid of ambition, and only sought to continue his quiet domestic life." When sons and daughters had grown up around him, his family circle "formed the chief charm of his existence." Within that magic ring he forgot the cares of State, and shone like the unclouded sun. But domestic happiness was his single enjoyment. He cared neither for eating nor for drinking, he despised dancing and gambling, and he resembled the Dissenters whom he persecuted in objecting to all forms of tobacco. "Lord of himself," sings Herr von Grimm in an even grander than usual strain, "like the ancient Stoics, he lived only for his high calling and for his family; and, like Cato of Utica, he was happy and content when the day's business was accomplished to his satisfaction." As a general rule he was superior to all personal weaknesses. It was only in Warsaw that he yielded to them. There, on the occasion of his Coronation, when he had to repeat a prayer, "oppressed by the weight of the crown and its jewels, and also the tight-fitting uniform worn at that time, Nicholas twice paused in exhaustion to draw breath, which was interpreted as a token of his aversion to the Constitution, and a proof of his secret intention not to keep faith with it," and afterwards, "violent toothache prevented him from being present at the brilliant ball, which was interpreted as reluctance to appear." It may be remarked, however, that by way of making up for the Imperial shortcomings, much was done to please the Poles on that occasion. "Paganini enchanted the cultivated world by his violin, and the athletic Rappo delighted the people by his Herculean feats." About the people, indeed, Nicholas was always thinking, and it was on consideration for them that his political opinions were based. He disliked all Constitutions, it seems, not from any narrow views about the right divine of kings, but "because they favoured the privileges of birth in one class, and immunity from taxes of another, but utterly disregarded the actual people." To be loved he only required to be known. In Dresden, for instance, where fugitive Poles had spent years in blackening his reputation, as soon as he appeared he was "regarded as a divinity." This change in the opinions of the Dresdeners appears to Herr von Grimm to be sufficiently well accounted for by the fact that Nicholas "examined the new iron railway-bridge with the eyes of a connoisseur, and his questions astonished those who accompanied him, and no one was oppressed by his presence." It has generally been supposed that he was always stern and unbending, but that he had a turn for humour, and could now and then indulge in a "merry jest," the following story will amply prove:—

As in this year a quarter of a century had elapsed since his coronation, a grand festival was expected. When a Minister ventured to ask a question on the subject, Nicholas replied, "I mean to take you all by surprise." A general promotion and distribution of ribbons and orders were therefore expected; but the monarch did indeed surprise the public by passing this day in retirement and seclusion, though full of gratitude to God.

If he had chosen he might easily have taken Constantinople years before he entered upon the Crimean War, for when the present Grand Duke Constantine visited the city, in 1845, "Six hundred thousand Greeks were at that time prepared, on his entrance into

the Sophia Church, to plant the Cross on its dome." In fact "one sign from young Constantine would have sufficed to transfer the throne of the Osmanlis from Europe to Asia." But so single-hearted was the Emperor, in spite of what "the Bible-distributing English" may think, that he refused to avail himself of the opportunity, and the six hundred thousand Greeks were not allowed the chance of manifesting their Christian sentiments. When the Crimean War came it killed him, but "he died as grandly as he lived," showing himself to the last moment of his life "a thorough man, a consummate autocrat."

At this moment, when Russia appears to be swayed rather in accordance with the counsels of the unsuccessful Nicholas than with those of his hitherto successful son, it may be as well to recall to mind what manner of man that autocrat really was whose power imposed upon Europe so long and then collapsed so signally, and how far he really resembled the demigod with whose portrait Herr von Grimm has favoured us. There can be no doubt that, physically, Nicholas was a splendid specimen of the human race. If he did not preserve intact in his declining years the graceful slenderness of his youthful form, it was simply because, as some one has remarked, "intestines may be compressed, but they cannot be annihilated;" and at all events he did his best to conceal the ravages of time, for he girded up his loins so tightly every morning that it is said he was in a state of collapse for a quarter of an hour every evening after his waist-band was unbuckled. However this may be, it appears certain that, as far as his body was concerned, nature had greatly favoured him. With regard to his mental and moral qualifications, he was endowed with an excellent memory, he was industrious to a most praiseworthy extent, he was thoroughly courageous, and he was intent upon performing the duties which he considered he owed to himself. Unfortunately his ideas of duty were of a peculiar kind. With some modifications they resembled those of Philip II. of Spain. Just as that gloomily pious monarch regarded heretics, so did Nicholas regard Liberals. What the United Netherlands were in the eyes of the Catholic King, the same were insurgent Poles and Magyars in those of the Orthodox Emperor. Nicholas worked hard and thanked God often; so did Philip. Nicholas met death with courage and resignation; Philip endured his last agonies with a constancy worthy of a confessor of the Church. In much of the praise to which Nicholas is justly entitled, Philip, that "enemy of the human race," is entitled to share.

The chief merit to which Nicholas, as a ruler, can fairly lay claim is that of having tried to put a stop to the corruption which he found pervading all his empire. To do this he strove hard, sparing neither time nor pains, dashing off from time to time on rapid journeys into the interior, and then strictly investigating, and, if need were, striking swiftly and hard. But the task which he set himself was too vast for any one man's capacity, and accordingly he failed signally. So that, after all the years he had spent in trying to cure his generals of their mania for peculation, he found himself, when he engaged in a great war, thwarted in every move by the results of their corrupt practices. But whatever good Nicholas may have done by warring against the dishonesty which prevailed in the official world, it was more than counterbalanced by the harm he did by his discouragement of free thought and his persecution of free speech. He wished to govern his empire as a severe school-master rules his school, and in order to do so he thought it necessary to crush those of his subjects who aspired to a freer life than a schoolboy leads. So vast was his power to hurt that he succeeded in carrying out his plan, and he brought about a state of things in which it was almost impossible for a man to perform a generous action, or even to show that he dared to entertain a noble aspiration, and yet to remain unpunished. But in order to arrive at this consummation he was obliged to make use of the most terrible means, and to avail himself of the services of the most infamous agents. Fraud, oppression, cruelty flourished beneath his fostering care, but justice could nowhere be found, and truth and honour became mere empty names. Order prevailed throughout the country, but the quiet of the land was like that of a Northern winter's day, when all the healthy stir of life is stilled by the deadly grasp of the frost. And so it was that, when Nicholas died, the change which men felt in Russia was like that which the earth feels when it passes from winter into spring. The bad old order passed away, and a younger and a better one sprang up in its place; and then men saw plainly that the monarch whom they had imagined to be what Herr von Grimm has described him as being in the book now before us, was really a narrow-minded, hard-hearted martinet, whose greatest service to his country was that he plunged her into a war which proved fatal to his own military government. Years have passed by since he fell, and we might well be content to forget the harm he did; but it is impossible to pass without an indignant protest so offensive a panegyric as that which Herr von Grimm has thought fit to indite, and Lady Wallace has considered it worth her while to translate.

DRIFTED AND SIFTED.*

A CHRONICLE with the domestic sorrows of two "True and Original Cameronians" for its plot, and the Durien Scheme to throw a picturesque shadow over its concluding chapters, ought to be interesting, or at least readable. The themes

* *Drifted and Sifted: a Domestic Chronicle of the Seventeenth Century.* By the Author of "Until the Shadows Flee Away." Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo. 1871.

are both well adapted for literary handling, and the latter at least is almost untroudden ground. The woes of the adherents of the Solemn League and Covenant have been used as material for fiction before this. In *Old Mortality*, for instance, they have been treated in a manner that never can be surpassed, if ever equalled. But that great Covenanting organization of 1638 is not exhausted by a single hand. It was a mighty institution in its own time. And though it has in these degenerate days dwindled away to scarce a shadow of itself, it has coloured the habits, the traditions, and the life of Scotland, political and social, more than any other agency in the history of the country. And in the devotion of its adherents, in the rough romance of its annals, and in the uncouthness of its phraseology there are materials for various phases of fiction and various conceptions of character. Habbakuk Mucklewraith and Ephraim Macbriar will remain as types, somewhat grotesque no doubt, but not the less true to reality, of one class of Covenanting minister; and James Renwick, the hero of the book before us, may remain as the type of another class. Not but that there is a strong family likeness between the Cameronian divines as drawn by Sir Walter Scott, and the Cameronian divine of *Drifted and Sifted*. But there is this difference—in the first case we have the delineation of a masculine intellect which, caring for none of these things, grasped the absurdity of the exaggerated piety of these divines, and, overflowing with the humour of the thing, reproduced it; in the second, we have the delineation of a feminine intellect studiously free from humour, gazing up into heaven with unquestioning reverence and admiration, seeing in James Renwick's life on earth a most attractive picture of Christian martyrdom, and meeting any one who could read the lesson differently with an indignant Get thee behind me, Satan.

There are admirers of both these modes of treating the life-dramas of the Covenanters. For ourselves we find the former the more entertaining. The sayings of Mause Henderig, and the doings of her son Cuddie and his love passages with Jenny Dennison, are, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, very much more amusing than anything in *Drifted and Sifted*. But, after all, that is only saying that *Drifted and Sifted* is a good deal duller than the best of Scott's novels. Such an estimate would hardly be an adequate one, and, lest there should be any misunderstanding, let us say at once that this book is very monotonous and very, very dull. There are any number of chances in it, but the author has been sufficiently disinterested to take no advantage of them. Middle-class life in old Edinburgh—the Edinburgh of the seventeenth century—is a fine topic. A careful reproduction of the daily doings of the people who lived in flats, up infinite numbers of stairs, in those huge manoried houses in the wynds and closes and alleys of the Canongate and Cowgate that even now suggest romance amid the dirty squalor in which they are embedded—the malicious gossip of Mrs. Clavers well worked into the domestic scenes, the housewifery of Mrs. Fairlie, the flirtations of Betty the maid-of-all-work with John Bold, the *ci-devant* preceptor, in the narrow confines of the Covenant Close—all these pictures might have been elaborated and made as imperishable as the daily life of Dumbiedykes or Davie Deans. But it requires a dash of genius to produce imperishable pictures, and there is not the faintest scintillation of genius from one end of the book to the other. Or, again, take the Darien Scheme. A little trouble, even without genius, might have made something of such a topic—something quite as good as Captain Marryat would have given, and a good deal better than anything in *Westward Ho!* But what have we? Half-a-dozen pages about palm-trees and yellow sand, and you come to an end of the half-dozen pages with about as clear an idea of the intention of the Darien Scheme, and its effects upon those who entered on it, as you would get from looking at a burlesque of the *Africaine* or a pantomime of *Robinson Crusoe*.

At the same time there is absolutely no harm in the book if anybody cares to read it. And there are some passages in Marjorie's "Diurnall" which may be supposed to represent not unfairly the sort of state of mind into which a young Covenanting maiden might very probably fall when she was betrothed to a beautiful red-haired Cameronian Divine like Renwick, who was hunted about like a partridge on the mountains, with a price upon his head, for lifting up his testimony in favour of all the obligations of the Covenant. The proposal, for instance, of the young divine is delicately and prettily rendered in the following quotation from the "Diurnall":—

"All of a Suddentie, Last Saturdaie, when Master Renwick was here, Auntie Bad mee convey Him upp out on the Sclates, to lett him see the prospect, especially the bit call'd Talla Glen, where the Sacrament was to be holden the next morning. Mee Auntie went meanwhile down to the kitchen, in order to teach Bittie how to Stuff a Soland goose. See Master James and Mee was left bye ourselves.

Arrived out on the Sclates, Wee stood a long time unco quiet, because the prospect was most Bewtfull, with the Blew Skie and the Curle Clouds that looked as if made of pear-smoke. Then there was the Silent green mountains and the Wee bits of Lambies, that, from the high Place where Wee were Standing, looked just like Little Balls of White Floss Silk."

When the damsel got thus far in her description, her heart—albeit she was alone in her chamber—began to beat violently, and her hand trembled so it could hardly guide the pen. In truth, the execution of the following lines was most imperfect, in an artistic point of view.

"Wee Lookit at the Farr-awaie Hills, and the Clouds, and the Lambies, and Syne Master Renwick turned round and faced mee, and then—How it came about I know not—Wee promised oursels to each other. O God! I thank thee."

Still, even in this Journal, it may be a question if the feeling of the times is truthfully presented. It is very like the journal of a maiden of what the author of this work, with a somewhat in-

decant contempt for it, calls "this poke-your-nose-into-every-corner nineteenth" century. It is too subjective for the seventeenth. Young men and maidens two hundred years ago, if they could write at all, did not write analyses of their own feelings. That species of torture has been reserved for days when more objective torture had passed away. The following, for instance, written without the capitals, and with a less copious supply of the letter e, is much more like the reflection of a rigid believer in the resurrection of the flesh at the present day than of a middle-aged damsel of the time of William and Mary:—

Dear Me, How Time Runs On! I Mieself Will Bee Thirtie-Two Years old to-morrow. I have been Wondering and Wondering if in Heaven I Shall Meet My Own Dear as a Glorified Old Woman, Hee being a Glorified Young Man. Of Course every condition There Will Bee Perfect. But I cannot help feeling as if I would Bee Sorry just at the First entering if I was not quite meet for Mee Dear's Mate, even if I was an Angel.

The story of the book is not particularly complicated, nor is it especially engrossing. The scene opens in Tweedsmuir, even now a lonely district in Peeblesshire, but in the times of the Covenanters still more lonely. Readers of *Redgumlet* will recollect the "d—d deep, black, blackguard-looking abyss of a hole called the Marquis' Beefstand, where it looks as if the four hills were laying their heads together to shut out daylight from the dark hollow space between them," and where Summertrees escaped from the "unchancy beasts of dragons in the '45." It is at or about this place that the opening scene of *Drifted and Sifted* is laid. There is a great tryst of the sect of "Society People," or Cameronians, and a celebration in the mountains of the Holy Sacrament. The three principal characters—James Renwick, "our Young Josiah," as the elder folks called him, Laird Baigrie, "the Young Elder," and Marjorie Ker, the heroine—are all introduced. The "Young Josiah" and Marjorie had plighted their troth four-and-twenty hours before. They "rejoiced restfully in their mutual affection, as a heaven-bestowed pleasant gourd, albeit not a tabernacle—a God's gift sent in due season, not to slacken the receiver's pace glory-wards, but that they might from the terrestrial mercy expiscate a new link to things celestial." This "heaven-bestowed pleasant gourd" is the unconscious cause of much tribulation both to the receivers and to the onlookers, but more particularly to Laird Baigrie, who desired to expiscate a new link to things celestial for himself with Marjorie, and to a black-eyed cousin of Renwick's, called Katherine, who had long nourished what the author is good enough to call "a furious affection for her cousin, to which the term love would be a misnomer . . . and which shortly developed into an infernal fever."

Besides the "Young Josiah," and the "Young Elder," there is a third aspirant for the expiscation of the link to things celestial. This is George Hepburn, a dissipated, middle-aged, good-hearted Edinburgh "writer" or solicitor. For many years he exhibits a dumb Newfoundland dog-like devotion towards her; and finally having become converted by her constant presence, and having given up his dissipated writer ways and become a baronet by the death of a distant relative, she consents to become Lady Hepburn, her red-haired Cameronian to whom she was troth-plighted having "testified in the Grass Market" in the interval, the last of the martyrs to the Covenant.

So far the plot is all fair sailing. But there are certain minor plots which complicate matters. Laird Baigrie had by fraudulent means possessed himself of the property of an orphan girl called Letty Gordon, and had married Katherine Renwick, the young woman with the "furious affection" for Josiah, who by a previous marriage had an only daughter called Hetty. Letty and Hetty grow up together, and both are determined to marry a brother of Marjorie's—Letty from genuine love, and Hetty from jealousy. Wattie Ker, this fortunate young man, goes out to the Isthmus of Darien, accompanied by Laird Baigrie, who dies on the voyage, and is buried under one of the palm-trees of which we hear so much. The voyage is eventful in other ways, for Wattie writes with much difficulty a letter to Letty, begging her to come out to Darien, and marry him, and share his fortune. This letter is addressed to Lady Baigrie, *née* Renwick. And she, with true motherly interest in her offspring, reads the letter as if addressed to Hetty and not to Letty—the young colonist's capitals being capable of either interpretation. Hetty at once rides into Edinburgh, orders her trousseau, and sails for Darien, leaving Letty lamenting. The *dénouement* we leave untold.

There are thus certain situations which are not badly conceived, and which were capable of being worked up into something interesting and good. But, whether from want of pains or want of power, they are all failures. The book comes to be nothing. It is not a contribution to the history of the times, though some of the characters are historical; it is not a contribution to fiction; and it is not a book of sermons, though the language is the language of sermons. It probably calls itself by its right name when it says it is a chronicle. It is a chronicle, and a chronicle which there was no harm in writing, but which might just as well have remained unwritten.

DE BEAUVOIR'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

ENERGY and the love of adventure have in all generations been characteristic of the princes of the House of Orleans. Denied their natural outlet in the active service of their country, more than one of the younger scions of the family have followed

* *A Voyage round the World.* By the Marquis de Beauvoir. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1870.

the example of their grandfather Louis-Philippe, and sought a field for their exercise in foreign travel and exploration. Four years ago three of these young men left Europe with the view of turning their talents and energies to account. The Duke of Alençon, second son of the Duke of Nemours, became a lieutenant in the expedition of the Spanish army to the Philippine Islands, where he commanded the artillery. The Prince of Condé, eldest son of the Duke of Aumale, went to India and Australia, where his career, full of hope and promise, was prematurely cut short by fever. The Duke of Penthièvre, son of the Prince of Joinville, who had chosen his father's profession, and after six years' service had gained the rank of lieutenant in the Portuguese navy, started on a voyage round the world. As his companion in travel, the Duke took with him a young friend, the Marquis de Beauvoir, who had completed his twentieth year only a week before the date of setting sail for Australia, April 9, 1866. M. Fauvel, a lieutenant in the French navy, who had never left the Prince for seven years, and was looked up to by the two young men as a second father, made up the trio of companions in enterprise who that day were borne rapidly, by the sailing ship *Omar Pasha*, past the muddy banks and through the gathering mists of the Thames. The hearts of the three friends were heavy with the recollection of the funeral of Queen Marie-Amélie. And it was with hearts as heavy that two years later the two survivors brought home the coffin of poor M. Fauvel, who within fifteen days of arriving in England fell a victim to the pestilential fever of the tropics. How they had fared meanwhile, the extent and variety of their journeyings and experiences, had been faithfully and industriously recorded in the way of an unbroken diary by M. de Beauvoir. Every night, he assures us, however fatigued, he kept to his resolution of committing to paper, hastily it might be, the various events of the day. And every mail carried to his friends at home the current report of his doings. These reminiscences, we are given to understand, he has incorporated into the two volumes of narrative before us with no greater alteration than the suppression of such passages as were simply personal, and of interest to his own family alone. Written, as he explains, in haste, sometimes on the unsteady table of a ship tossed by the sea, sometimes on his knees after a day's sport, sometimes in the rude hut of a savage, these pages are impressed with a liveliness and *verve*, a sense of the picturesque, and a power of description which fairly astonish us in so young a writer. We hardly realize that "it is but a boy," as he modestly pleads, who relates this story of a *Voyage round the World*. He has been fortunate in meeting with a translator who has imparted to the narrative all the ease, force, and point of original writing.

M. de Beauvoir is wise in compressing his record of the well-worn routine of three months at sea, though he seems to have usefully filled up his time by studying the mysteries of navigation, and seizing such opportunities as might offer themselves of noting the wonders of the deep. The landing at Melbourne sets him off at once with all the fierceness of enjoyment which belongs to youth and high spirits set free in a new world. The excitement and warmth of their reception was almost enough to turn young heads, even those of princes. What strikes our author most is the high civilization everywhere manifest around. The whistle of locomotives, the piers, and tiers of shipping, the hotel as large and fine as Maurice's, the streets, "the Rue Vivienne and Rue Richelieu of these parts"—are we to gather that the writer, sharing the exile of Orleansism and all its belongings, fails to call to his aid the vision of the later glories of Haussmann?—the staring yellow posters, with their sensational headings of "War in Europe, gigantic armaments," &c.; above all, the panting crowd gathering round a blue placard with a quantity of exclamation stops, "Epsom Races! The Derby!! Lord Lyon 1st!!!"—all these signs of identity with home make it hard for the traveller to believe that he is wellnigh at the antipodes of Paris or London. In the next minute our young writer has to record a contrast which gives good scope for the spirit in which he is prepared to receive phenomena the most opposite to all past experience, and to put into words the impressions they aroused in him:—

Whilst standing greedily for news in the midst of the restless crowd, which was as excited as one in the streets of London, we suddenly saw a sight which contrasted strangely with any ideas of needle-guns, or the Derby, contained in the telegrams—a most offensive and horrible group of men and women passed along, with skins as black as a crocodile's, dirty woolly hair, and low and degraded countenances. They were aborigines. Ragged old trowsers did not sufficiently hide their repulsive bodies; a miserable appearance of old boots at the end of a bare thigh and leg; rags of European dress, whose colours might formerly have been tartan, but were now as black as the skin which they barely covered; Gibus hats, reduced to the consistency of a dried apple, or plumed hats, with which no doubt some Irishwoman has presented them, to save her blushes at their want of clothes; a collection of wretched rags on their mean little bodies, uglier than any monkey in the world—such is the aspect of the ancient possessors of this continent; such is the race with which, rightly or wrongly, we dispute the possession of this enormous extent of soil, thrusting them each day farther back into the bush. Some of them, intoxicated with tobacco and strong drinks, both of which are no doubt new to them, stumble in walking against the walls of fine houses built in the European way, or against glass windows which exhibit the finest specimens of gold that have been found at the diggings—these unknown treasures which the black race, who are now beggars, so long trod under foot, and with which the white men build palaces and towns. Others, who were mostly women, walked down the middle of the street, examining into everything around them; and open-mouthed, and with hands hanging helplessly, stand amazed at the crowd. And when I saw these idlers from the desert come to look at the marvels of a civilized town I wondered what was passing through their minds—their minds?—well, no doubt they have minds and souls, however repulsive the body is in which

they are placed. Some among them have a mass of unkempt white hair, like a snowball, surmounting their body and limbs of ebony, but dirty ebony—and who knows but what these withered old men, whose limbs are like sticks, may not have been here thirty-four years ago, and seen the ground an uncultivated forest, which now supports a gas-lighted town containing 130,000 souls? Who can tell whether they may not have hunted the opossum in the hollow trees on the very spot where now streams of people wait on the flagged pavements to take tickets for the opera? In less than half a lifetime the whistles of steam-engines have succeeded the shrill and wild cry of the cockatoo; and instead of the line of fires lighted by cannibals, as a sign that there were some white men to be eaten, the lines of the telegraph cross cultivated ground, and announce to an excited town the winner of the Derby. While relieving them with money stamped with the effigy of the Queen of England, I thought of the series of vicissitudes which had obliged them to leave the wandering life of the desert, and the freedom of the forest, for the streets of a city where the splendour of other men only points out to them their own misery, of which they were before unconscious; I could not help thinking of that famous convention which was concluded in 1836 between the first colonists and the natives, and by which the latter exchanged a million of square miles in Victoria territory for three sacks of glass beads, ten pounds of nails, and five pounds of flour.

It is hard to expect anything absolutely new upon a subject so thoroughly worked as the history and condition of the great Southern continent. Yet there is so much keen observation and quiet sense in what M. de Beauvoir has to say upon it as to make his narrative very instructive, as well as pleasing to read. The sad tale of daring and disaster which has made the names of Burke and Wills sacred in Australian memory is told by him with clearness and emphasis. The material development of this colony under the magic rule of what he neatly terms the "two Australian fairies, gold and sheep," is traced in a way which bespeaks powers of insight and reflection rare in one so young. With all a sportsman's relish for the wild gallop over boundless plains, on steeds newly caught by the lasso, chasing the bounding kangaroo, or facing the brute at bay, revolver in hand, as he fights to the death with sharply armed and heavily striking paws, now practising skill and indulging the naturalist's taste in collecting by scores the graceful cranes and elegant lyre birds, enlivened or tantalized meanwhile by the mocking notes of the Laughing Jackass, we find him throughout heedful of the natural features of the country, the tokens of industry and wealth and the germs of social order apparent on every side. Life at the gold mines, the process of digging, and the present state and prospects of this great industry, make up a lively chapter. The charms and profits of squatting life present themselves so vividly to his fancy that we almost fear to see him turn his back upon the tame and unexciting civilization of the Old World, and to behold the golden youth of France merge its dreams in the simple realities of the pastoral lot; so tempting seemed the example of one patriarch who from the rough fare of a bushman has risen to the lordship of a quarter of a million acres, with flocks and herds like the sands of the sea, or that of another mighty farmer who could turn the fortune of a disastrous season by melting down his waste thousands of carcasses, and make a profit of 75,000*l.* by the tallow. Altogether Australian life seems to have decked itself for these young men's visit in its rosiest colours. None of the drawbacks made familiar to us by the grumblings of faint-hearted or unsuccessful settlers presented themselves to their view. No such things as droughts or torrents, glutted markets, or broken credits, so far as their experience goes, would appear to be known at the antipodes. From their short but free and dashing run through bush and prairie, the party came back in high health and spirits, much burnt and wild-looking, as people thought, with the most delightful recollections of bush life. There was one thing, notwithstanding, he piteously records, which M. de Beauvoir failed to bring back with him, and that was his hair, which the damp nights passed in the open field under the stars had caused to come off bodily. "These nights have made me," he writes, "if not as wise, at least as bald as Hippocrates." With all their devotion to adventure and sport, it must be said for these young men that they had serious aims and resolutions before them. The wise and steadfast use they made of their opportunities is seen in the chapters devoted by our author to the statistics, the form of government, the political parties, and the social condition of the colony. It is in no spirit of trifling or mere pleasure-seeking that he sets himself to make acquaintance with what is newest and most anomalous in the economy of things around him. There are signs of much careful reflection and judicious inference in what he has to tell us. What struck him most painfully, on summing up the evidences of political energy, of social freedom, and commercial well-being, was the contrast of so much peaceful and organized progress with the backward, the repressive, and the strictly military régime which alone prevails in Algeria.

From Victoria the party extended their route to Van Dieman's Land, Sydney, and the East Coast. Passing the little Island of Albany, which commands Torres Straits, they came at the naval station of Cape York upon their most characteristic samples of the utter black in all the hideousness, coarseness, and dirt of savagery and cannibalism. Venturing boldly into the haunts of these disgusting tribes, the travellers had many things of novelty and interest to record. One old grey-haired hag was conspicuous, in the absence of all other clothing or adornment, for a collar of fine human bones round her neck, which had apparently been burnt. "My mother's hand," was the reply to questions put through the lively little naked nymph of the tribe who acted as gardener and interpreter to the station. In vain did M. de Beauvoir put filial affection to the proof in hope of securing this eccentric necklace. "I offered her thirty, forty, sixty nails, five watch-glasses, my

waistcoat, and even an English knife with eighteen blades which had always been my faithful companion, and to which I was much attached; but no meanness on my part could conquer her, nothing tempted her." More pliable far the chief's wife, for the consideration of a silk necktie which had figured at the Derby, made the sacrifice of her tomahawk and sash, which latter the favoured purchaser was permitted to untie. The brilliant idea of cutting off the buttons of his coat, waistcoat, and other clothes enabled him further to make a clean sweep of the entire costume of twenty-two young ladies belonging to the tribe, the whole of which he was able to put into his pocket. Some fine practice with the boomerang showed off the skill and prowess of the sable gentry of the tribe.

Abrupt is the transition from filthy cannibals with black skins and poisoned arrows to Dutch custom-house officers, "pale and fair, dressed in brilliant uniforms and bearing huge bunches of keys," who received our voyagers on the quay of Batavia, and gave emphatic proof of their re-entry into civilized life by a ruthless opening of boxes and entire upsetting of their contents. Once landed, however, Java opened to them what seemed an earthly paradise. The quaint mixture of Oriental with European civilization, the animated crowd of gingerbread-complexioned and gaudily dressed Malays, the bevy of bathing nymphs, the odalisques, the reception in state by the Regent of Baudong, and introduction to his harem, form a succession of moving and exciting pictures. Then up-country to hunt the rhinoceros, the crocodile, and buffalo, passing with Imperial pomp from one rajah's or sultan's palace to another, each surpassing the previous one in the splendour of its architecture and appointments, the pomp of its sovereign, and the beauty and grace of its dancing girls. Well may our young author describe himself, writing after midnight on his marble terrace, at the close of an entertainment like one of the Arabian nights, as "intoxicated with the novelty of this life." Yet we find him withal mindful of his more serious studies. The wonderful colonial system by which twenty-five thousand Dutch govern twenty million natives, realizing for the mother-country an average surplus of two millions and a-half, after the most liberal outlay for public works and local administration—all these matters, with facts and figures to illustrate the organization of the settlement, are treated in a well-considered chapter. His complaints of the feudal system which hangs so heavily upon the energies and resources of the country, draining it for the benefit of the home Government, and virtually acting the Asiatic Sultan over a colony of the nineteenth century, show how keenly he is alive to the principles of liberal and constitutional rule. Our limits forbid us to follow M. de Beauvoir more closely or in detail through his rambles in Singapore, Siam, and China, where he is equally sensitive either to what is striking in nature or distinctive in civilization. The animation and zest which he throws into his record of travel never allow the interest of it to flag. At the end of the book will be found some particulars of the exposure of, and traffic in, infants in Canton and other Chinese towns, with the policy and practice of the missionaries in dealing with such questions, which bear instructively upon the causes and the motives of the late massacre at Tien-tsin. M. de Beauvoir has made a *début* of rare promise in the world of letters. We may look forward with hopefulness to his future appearance whether in the same field or in the more active service of his country. Whether his talents and energies find an outlet in literature or in the duties of public life, it will be no slight advantage to him that he brings to the task, not only powers of mind and will which have so early ripened into fruit, but the wealth of knowledge and experience which is stored up in the pages of his interesting *Voyage round the World*.

CALENDAR OF THE CAREW MANUSCRIPTS.*

WE have seldom more than one fault to find with Mr. Brewer. And that fault has been repeated, and we fear will continue to be repeated, in every volume of the *Calendar of the Carew Manuscripts*. To each volume is prefixed an Introduction, printed in delightfully large type, and written in so luminous a style as to increase the reader's, not to say the reviewer's, regret that he was not furnished with its contents when the previous volume was issued, for in point of fact each Introduction is a preface to the last preceding volume, and has little or nothing to do with the documents calendared in the volume to which it is prefixed. And thus the usual difficulty felt by a reviewer in regard to any of these volumes—namely, whether he shall make the Introduction or the documents themselves the main subject of his review—is in this case aggravated by the knowledge that, whichever he selects, the other part of the volume will render him no assistance in the performance of his task.

In our notice of the third volume of this Calendar† we confined our attention to the documents analysed in it, and for the present we shall refer to the same period in the remarks we shall make on Mr. Brewer's preface, beginning at a date a few years earlier when Sir William Drury succeeded Sydney as Deputy, and

omitting all notice of a grumbling letter of Sydney's, which Mr. Brewer has thought fit to insert at the beginning of his preface, which has little to do with Irish affairs, though it is not without interest as regards English matters of the two preceding reigns. But interesting as the Introduction to the recently published volume of Carew papers is, the reader must not raise his expectations too high. Mr. Brewer neither is nor professes to be as much at home in the Irish history of the time of Elizabeth as he is in English affairs during the reign of her father. His present preface takes up the history from the close of Sydney's administration, and continues it till the appointment of Lord Mountjoy—i.e. from the autumn of 1578 to the commencement of the year 1600—and he confines himself almost exclusively to the papers of Carew which have been analysed in the second and third volumes, interpreting the order of the Master of the Rolls much more rigidly than he has hitherto done as regards his prefaces to the Calendar of State Papers of Henry VIII.'s reign. He professes in fact to give a sketch of State papers which, as he observes, are at best only subsidiary and occasional.

The whole story of these one-and-twenty years is one uniform record of disorder and misrule (when was Irish history not so?). But what else was to be expected when each successive Governor was recalled before he had had time to learn his duty or to understand the singular people whom he was expected to control and keep in order? It is, in fact, scarcely more than a catalogue of the names of the Deputies, who may indeed have had a policy, but were not allowed time to develop it; and the interest of the history of the twenty years lies, not in any lessons of government or policy to be gathered from the failures or partial successes of the measures adopted, but in the accidents that are always happening when least expected, and the strangeness of the anomalies which must have baffled all anticipation and conjecture. It is a series of facts from which we do not profess to be able ourselves to furnish any hints that may help to solve the problem how best a government may deal with a disaffected dependency in general, much less how England is to control the future destiny of Ireland. Mr. Brewer observes of the Romish priests:—

They were the real governors of Ireland. It rested with them whether it should be rebellious or obedient. The temporal sword was a weapon of straw against the spiritual; the visible has no terrors compared with the invisible. Whatever else it may have taught men, that is the lesson Ireland has taught. So felt Mountjoy; so felt all his contemporaries.

We have nothing, however, to do with Mountjoy at present. The list of Deputies whose acts are briefly canvassed by Mr. Brewer in his preface begins with Sir William Drury, who succeeded Sydney in the autumn of 1578, and ends with the Earl of Essex, who held the post of Lieutenant and Governor-General from March 1599 to February 1600. We have said that we do not know what contribution the acts of this period afford towards solving the problem of good government. Probably few will be found in the present day to sympathize with Drury's notions of justice, or entirely to defend his attempts at propagating the Protestant faith. As an illustration of the former the following may suffice:—

The jail being full, we caused sessions immediately to begin, and continued them not only all the time of our abode there, which was till the Monday next, but also somewhat after our departure thence, by Commissioners remaining behind there, during which were executed in all to the number of thirty-six persons, among which some good ones; two for treason, a blackmoor and two witches by natural law, for that we found no law to try them by in this realm.

The Deputy's Protestant zeal, to say nothing of his knowledge of the Calendar, displayed itself, amongst other incidents, in the following:—

Understanding of a notable idol or image of St. Sunday or St. Dominick whereunto great offerings were made by night every Sunday and holiday, because time served not for us to stay for the searching of it out, we left commission with the bishop, the mayor, and other discreet persons, to inquire and search for the same; who within two days after our departure laboured so diligently, though it were carefully shifted out of the way, as they found it, and burnt it at the High Cross openly, the bishop himself putting fire thereto, not without great lamenting of the people.

Drury did not live to see the fruits of his administration. His death, which took place scarcely more than a year after his appointment, left his post vacant, and Sir William Pelham succeeded him as Lord Justice, and his unfortunate appointment of the Earl of Ormond as Governor of Munster was followed, as its almost necessary consequence, by the breaking forth of the rebellion of Desmond, who was immediately proclaimed a traitor. This was the rebellion in which Nicolas Saunders played so conspicuous a part, and in which he eventually lost his life. Pelham had scarcely been so long in office as his predecessor when he was recalled, in the very heat of the Munster rebellion, at the very moment when Desmond was falling an easy prey to his hands; and he was succeeded by Arthur, Lord Gray of Wilton. Unfortunately, the Carew papers supply little information concerning the three years and six months during which Lord Gray held office. Before the arrival of his successor, Sir John Perrot, Desmond had met his death. Perrot had some time before been Governor of Munster, and to him fell the task of allotting between five and six hundred thousand acres of land which had been forfeited to the Queen, and on which it was determined to settle Englishmen. The scheme, however, was, as might have been expected, nothing but a gigantic failure. Mr. Brewer observes that the largest portions were taken by men who up to that period had had no connexion with Ireland and apparently no acquaintance with it, and the settlement exactly resembled a hostile encamp-

* *Calendar of the Carew Manuscripts, preserved in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth. 1601–1603. Edited by J. S. Brewer, M.A., and William Bullen, Esq. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.*

† *Saturday Review*, July 31, 1869.

ment in a foreign territory, which the natives were sure to embrace every opportunity of assaulting and annoying.

Perrot was succeeded by Fitzwilliam in 1588, and he by Russell in 1594. Russell succeeded at a comparatively quiet period, but the Ulster rebellion soon broke out, and Tyrone was proclaimed a traitor in the following year; nor was this formidable rebellion subdued till Russell and his three successors had been recalled; and the correspondence shows how impossible it was for any Deputy to satisfy Elizabeth, now grown old and fretful, jealous and capricious. Gentleness and severity alike failed in conciliating or subduing the wild Irish people, and were unsuccessful in warding off the wrath of the imperious Tudor Queen from the heads of her unoffending Deputies. The Ulster rising was, in fact, a rebellion of nearly the whole of Ulster, Connaught, and Munster; whilst even Leinster and the English pale were in a very unsatisfactory state, and aid was expected by the rebels from Scotland. From Spain it was pretty well known in England that there could be no reasonable expectation of success since the disaster of the Spanish Armada; but the Irish were nevertheless always buoyed up with the hope of reinforcements from Philip and the Pope, with both of whom Tyrone was in frequent communication. Russell was recalled; De Burgh succeeded him, and then Ormond, and at last Essex was appointed Governor-General in March 1599; and all the while Tyrone, now by force of arms, now by seeming submission, was, with his followers, scarcely amounting to 5,000 men, holding his own against all the reinforcements sent by Elizabeth.

We have in a previous article given some account of Tyrone's proceedings during this rebellion, which lasts not only beyond the period to which Mr. Brewer confines his remarks, but extends over the whole of the volume of documents to which they are prefixed. It was far more formidable in reality than the previous rising in Munster; for not only was the strategic and political skill of Tyrone, amounting almost to genius, superior to anything that Irish chiefs had as yet exhibited, but the people were bound together by that devotion to their religion with which Saunders had contrived to inspire them, and which was not in the least degree abated since the death of the enthusiast priest who had enkindled it, but had extended itself from the southern province till it pervaded nearly the whole of the island. We do not propose, therefore, to enter now into the details of this rebellion, but will only observe that in the strange mixture of qualities which appears in the character of Tyrone there is much that commands our admiration and enlists our sympathies in his behalf. And we should have expected to find Mr. Brewer's able remarks on Irish history and Irish character introduced with reference to the Irish chief, his motives, his methods of carrying on war, and the mingled simplicity and cleverness with which he continually eluded his adversaries, rather than where they actually appear, provoked apparently by his inability to explain the motives of the enemies of Essex on getting him appointed Governor-General of Ireland. Mr. Brewer says, in reference to the liberal provision made by the Queen for his prosecution of the war:—

If Essex, then, had been lured by his enemies to undertake this service in the hope that it might lead him to destruction, they certainly took no steps for securing the object of their wishes. But Irish history is a series of enigmas; the end never follows in proportion to the means, nor do effects follow from their most probable causes. Victories not unfrequently prove more disastrous than defeat in this land of moral and political eccentricity. The ordinary calculations of reason are at fault here; the logic of prudence and forethought are completely baffled. The most thoughtful skill, the staidest judgment of English statesmen and soldiers, directly they touch Irish soil, are lost in mystery. To form a correct judgment of motives and actions is scarcely possible, least of all for English intellects. These remarks apply to the administration of Essex; they are not less applicable to every phase and every page of Irish history.

We do not ourselves profess to solve the enigmas of Irish political history, and certainly no reader will be competent to form any definite judgment of the period from the study of the Carew papers taken by themselves. An intelligible account of the relations of England and Ireland during the reign of Elizabeth yet remains to be written after a comparison of this Calendar with the documents analysed by Mr. Hamilton in his Calendar of Irish State Papers. Undoubtedly neither the Carew papers, nor Mr. Brewer's able introduction to them, throw much light upon the relation in which Essex stood to Elizabeth; neither do they enable us to judge of the motives of the Governor-General in apparently ignoring the more formidable rebellion of Ulster when he turned his attention to Munster, and marched against the rebels in the south. The joy with which Elizabeth welcomed Essex on his return to England after his unsuccessful administration of Ireland is matter of history; the contrast between her favourable reception of him and the bitterness of the letters she addressed to him personally, and the disappointment she manifested when writing complaints of his conduct to others, may be judged of from the Carew Correspondence. We do not share in Mr. Brewer's apparently high estimate of Elizabeth's sense of duty in her determined resolution to make herself mistress of Ireland, at whatever cost. Her crown and her life perhaps depended on the issue of that contest. And for the explanation of her conduct we need not have recourse to high notions of duty. Tudor self-will, and a keen sense of what her own interest and dignity required, will account for everything. Nevertheless, Mr. Brewer has shown a keen appreciation of the position of affairs at the time of the recall of Essex, and with his own description of it we will conclude our notice of his preface. He says:—

This seems to me the real explanation of the mystery; not, as some have

imagined, that she resented his absence from her person, or had fallen into that ridiculous dotage so ingeniously attributed to her by some historians, but that she was glad to get rid of suspicions fostered by her increasing years, and perhaps by the suggestions of the Earl's enemies. She had dreaded—a common dread to which all Deputies in Ireland had been exposed—lest Essex should make himself independent in Ireland, and that dread was encouraged by the self-will and popularity of the Earl. Ireland offered the easiest means of a clandestine correspondence with Scotland; and whether the Queen had knowledge of the fact, or only suspected it, so long as Essex remained in Ireland—the backdoor of England to Scotland, as it was often called—he was in fact master of the succession. Not that he was so mad as to seek the sceptre for himself, but in whose-soever favour he declared himself—and that would be James VI.—not only would he succeed as monarch, but Essex would have the greatest claim upon his gratitude, the greatest stroke in disposing of his authority. That prospect pleased neither the Queen nor her Ministers. As in the case of Tyrone, so also in that of James VI. and of all others; her dignity would suffer none to dictate. No suitor for favour, as she considered it, should depend upon any second power; and she naturally grew more jealous and more suspicious as she found it difficult to retain exclusive power, and observance towards herself undiminished. A little more caution, a little more diplomatic cunning, might have secured for Essex the place of Sir Robert Cecil; a little more openness and impetuosity might have exposed Cecil to the fate of Essex. The after conduct of the Earl is that of a reckless gambler who has lost his last chance, and attempts to retrieve his position by a bold stroke in which prudence and sober calculation have no part.

We reserve our notice of the State papers contained in this volume till the publication of the next, and will only call attention here to the very thoughtful memorial sent by Carew to Cecil, which is dated 1601, and entitled "A Discourse of Ireland." Such documents as this supply the real material for a future history of Ireland.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

I.

THERE is a passage in Wilhelm Meister that we never tire of reading, but find as fresh as ever each time that we take up the book. If any grown man can read Wilhelm's account of the Christmas puppet-show without deep interest, he must have been born either altogether destitute of imagination, or whatever little he may have been gifted with must have been early lost by an exclusive course of Miss Edgeworth's stories. How the recollections of childhood are again called forth, how feelings that have long slumbered are awakened, as we sit with Goethe's hero before the lingering curtain, as we watch it rise, and are all eyes for the mysterious movements of the figures, and all ears for the yet more mysterious dialogue! Never surely has a man more truthfully or more charmingly traced the emotions of his childhood than Goethe. In him the pleasures, the sufferings, and the varied experience of manhood had not, as so generally happens, effaced the lines where yet lingered the beautiful simplicity of childhood. It may have been the case that he would have to confess with our own great poet that "the things which I have seen I now can see no more;" but nevertheless, if he could not see them, he could at least remember how he felt in those days when he could see them. We were strongly reminded of this wonderful Christmas scene in the great German novel when we saw our table almost covered with the Christmas books of this year. If Wilhelm, who was cheated of so many hours of play in poring over the stolen manuscript copy of the great drama of David and Goliath, could have stood beside us, we do not know that his imagination would not have been even more aroused than it was on that wonderful Christmas night when he stood before the puppet-show. Here were bindings as gorgeous as the proscenium of any theatre, and within were pictures and stories that threw into insignificance such an ordinary and almost every-day occurrence as the fight of a David and a Goliath. Here were boys in every variety of tremendous adventure, young travellers combating monsters of the earth, air, and water, and coming off victorious, in the midst of scenery that was as loveful as the struggle was awful. Each book taken by itself was entrancing, but carelessly strewn about or piled one on the other, some closed and showing their binding, others opened at a dazzling picture, they produced an effect that was most striking. Mingled with them too were a few works of a more sterling nature—choice reprints of some of our standard authors, and exquisitely illustrated books on art. Our illusion was too soon dispelled, and we woke up, as did poor Wilhelm, to the sad reality of life. Here we were with this vast pile of books before us awaiting our criticism, and we knew not how or with which we should begin. What order should we follow in bringing them before our readers' notice? We remembered the old story of the judge who had advised a barrister, who was confused in his statement of facts, to try to follow some kind of order. A chronological one was perhaps the better, but if that were too difficult he might, he said, try an alphabetical one. But how could we arrange the books before us in the order of chronology? Who can tell us which of the two can lay claim to a more venerable antiquity, Jack the Giant-Killer or Jack and the Bean-Stalk? There are, we believe, some who would rob England of one of its heroes, and darkly hint that there were not two Jacks, but only one Jack. Nay, indeed, not only do they maintain that he who slew the giant and he who climbed the bean-stalk were one, but that he who built the house and he who sat in the corner were also the same Jack. We might perhaps by a bold surmise place the date of Old Daddy Longlegs and his enforced flight down the stairs at the epoch of the Marian persecution; and, as has been shown, it is more than a mere conjecture that the beggars and the Stuarts came to town

much about the same period. But who can discover the comparative antiquity of Old Mother Hubbard and of Jack and Jill? and till the Cambrian Society has fixed the date of King Arthur, how can we determine where to place Tom Thumb? The chronological order we soon gave up in despair, but the alphabetical order we found fully as embarrassing. Under which letter, C or R, should we range Cock Robin? Is Humpty the Christian name and Dumpty the surname, and so should the brave youth who sat on a wall be placed under the letter D? or rather are the two names joined together by a hyphen, and so should he be placed under the letter H? Under these circumstances the conclusion we have come to is to follow no order at all, but to take the books as we find them.

We do not intend to set before us any very high standard of criticism. We shall allow our justice to be tempered with that mercy which belongs to the Christmas time, and at all events, when we are reviewing the books for the young people, shall as far as possible fall into that placid state of mind which we gladly assume as once a year we sit among a troop of children watching the performance of a pantomime. The only thing which will excite our wrath will be any wanton and arbitrary change in the *textus receptus* of our nursery rhymes. We are not, indeed, unprepared to admit any ingenious conjectural emendation of an obscure passage, provided that it be inserted in the margin. With the text itself we shall insist on there being no tampering. The over-refined delicacy of the age is too often wont to find coarseness where there was no coarseness. In our childhood we were accustomed boldly to state a fact in the physical world which occurred with unvarying regularity at least three times a day:—

Nineteen, Twenty,
My belly's empty.

A more squeamish age substituted stomach, but even this was voted vulgar, and the legend now runs:—

Nineteen, Twenty,
I've sugar-plums in plenty,
And when we next meet,
You shall see how I'll eat.

We have indeed got rid of the word "belly," but under this apparent refinement we have really great coarseness. The verse, as we learnt it, is a jolly confession of an unmistakable human infirmity. It is suggestive of good cheer to follow, and is not in any way adverse to hearty fellowship. But as it now stands, our children avoid the use of a "naughty" word, but fall into a most gluttonous sentiment. They are allowed to make their belly their god, provided that they remember that their god, like many of the ancient deities, has a name which may not be divulged.

The books before us are not all meant for boys and girls, though most of them are. The wisest of us are rash enough, once a year at all events, to eat plum-pudding and mince-pie, and are pious enough to pronounce them excellent. In like manner at this season of the year we are all of us quite willing to receive elaborately illustrated, and still more elaborately bound, volumes from all who are inclined to present them to us, and to receive them with a degree of admiration to which we could hardly rise at any other time. If the plum-pudding or the mince-pie is to disagree with us, we shall not find it out till the morrow; and if these splendid works will outwardly turn shabby, and inwardly prove insipid, we shall hardly find it out till next year.

There is no need of binding or of illustrations to recommend to us Lord Lytton's revised edition of his *King Arthur*. (Charlton Tucker.) When most of the other Christmas works shall have faded away with the season, his clear and vigorous verses will be read with constant pleasure. Graceful though is the reference to his younger but "illustrious contemporary," we scarcely think that the veteran author had any need to justify himself for the subject he has selected. As many poets might write of the romances of the Round Table as knights sat round it; and admirable as Mr. Tennyson's poems may be, we can also enjoy Lord Lytton's. From the standards of criticism which now prevail Lord Lytton appeals to Time, when, as he touchingly adds, "I shall be, indeed, beyond the reach of pleasure or of pain in a judgment thus tardily pronounced." It is not now our purpose to enter into any elaborate criticism of this poem. We can at all events heartily recommend it to all those who can find pleasure in versification that is easy but yet forcible. The illustrations, we must add, are of that "slight unmeritable" sort which rather annoy the reader by distracting his attention, than gratify him by helping him more clearly to realize the scene the poet would set before him.

Art in the Mountains. The Story of the Passion Play. By Henry Blackburn. (Sampson Low.) Mr. Blackburn gives us an account of the last representation of the Passion Play that is acted once in every ten years at Oberammergau. He writes in excellent taste, and is interesting from the first page to the last. In fact we must confess that, when once we had taken up his work, we did not lay it down till we had finished it. He has acquired the real art of brief writing, for he can say all that he himself wishes to say, and can leave unsaid all that the reader does not care to know. The illustrations with which he adorns the book show that he is as skilful and spirited with his pencil as with his pen.

National Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Songs. Set to Music by J. W. Elliott. (Routledge.) As we open this highly ornate work we find ourselves exclaiming—as we once heard a Frenchman, on entering into a newly-furnished room, exclaim—"Luxe épouvantable!" The British nursery has become demoralized, we fear, and high art alone is admitted where mud-pies once reigned

without a rival. We hope that with the new School Boards a race of children may speedily be educated capable of appreciating such illustrations as these, for they are really very good. It is curious to compare the graceful little picture with which Mr. Arthur Hughes sets off the rhyme of "Little Tommy Tucker" with those poor illustrations which are thought to adorn Lord Lytton's poem. King Arthur comes off far worse than Master Tucker, and, if he has a greater poet, he has certainly a far worse painter. Besides Mr. Hughes, who is, we think, almost unrivalled as an illustrator of children's books, the Brothers Dalziel have brought their art to bear. We would especially praise two charming little landscapes by Mr. E. G. Dalziel, in one of which he gives us a winter scene when "the north wind doth blow," and in another a summer scene where the "little maid, pretty maid" is going down to the meadow to milk her cow. We must, however, most solemnly protest against the utterly unauthorised versions that are given of the old favourites of our childhood. We hope that Mr. Elliott, who has composed some really good tunes as an accompaniment to the rhymes, is not responsible for these outrageous changes. Is good old idiomatic English to be driven even out of our nursery-rhymes, and are our children to be taught that "all the birds of the air fell sighing and sobbing," when their fathers and grandfathers knew that they fell, not sighing, but a-sighing? There are many other alterations as detestable as this, but *ab uno disce omnes*.

Mr. Kingston gives us *In the Eastern Seas* (Nelson and Sons) another of those stories of adventure in which boys delight. It is founded of course, as is the case with all of this class of books, on *Robinson Crusoe*. There is the shipwreck and the desert island, a faithful black who talks broken English, and savages who suddenly land to the great horror of the little colony. Boyhood seems nowadays to crave after sensationalism as much as manhood, and *Robinson Crusoe*, we fear, is voted to be very slow. Even Captain Marryat's story of *Masterman Ready* is a long way behind the spirit of the age. Mr. Kingston entertains his schoolboy with adventures more tremendous than any we have yet come across. There are two or three shipwrecks, pirates, earthquakes, floods of lava, blazing forests, and terrific combats in succession, with all the monsters that are to be found in the Eastern Archipelago. We doubt not that Mr. Kingston will find many a young reader in the long winter-evenings of the coming Christmas holidays. With *In the Eastern Seas* we must class *Out in the Pampas*, by G. A. Henty (Griffith and Farran), and *The Adventures of a Young Naturalist*, by Lucien Biart (Sampson Low). These two works tell of adventures on the American continent, and are only less exciting than Mr. Kingston's story as the West is worse provided with monsters than the East.

Warne's Picture Puzzle Album will provide plenty of amusement for dexterous little hands, and Aunt Louisa's *Home Companion* will serve to amuse those who have not got so far as to be able to use their hands, but who can still appreciate bright colours that appeal merely to the eye. At the same time we doubt whether such gaudy pictures afford the best mental training for a child. They are, as it were, the sensational novel of the nursery, for they arouse for the moment the attention, and cause surprise, and yet require no effort on the mind to comprehend them. Everything that is in them is seen at the first glance, and there is nothing for a child to return to and to dwell on.

Mr. M. Jones, in his *Stories of the Olden Time* (Cassell) and in his *Don Quixote* (Routledge), has been much more successful than most writers of abridgments. The former of these two works contains stories from De Joinville and Froissart. Mr. Jones has selected a few striking tales from each of these writers, and has given them at length, "carefully preserving," as he tells us, "all the characteristics, quaint style included, of the authors." The edition of *Don Quixote* he has based on Jervis's translation, and keeping faithfully to the vigorous English of that excellent work, but cutting it down in places, he has produced a book which ought to be a favourite with those young readers for whom he specially intends it.

In *The Brownies and other Tales* (Bell and Daldy) Mrs. Ewing gives us some really charming writing. While her first story most prettily teaches children how much they can do to help their parents, the immediate result will be, we fear, anything but good. For, if a child once begins *The Brownies*, it will get so deeply interested in it that when bed-time comes it will altogether forget the moral, and will weary its parents with importunities for just a few minutes more to see how everything ends. The frontispiece by the old friend of our own childhood, George Cruikshank, is no less pretty than the story.

FRENCH LITERATURE.—THE PERIODICAL PRESS FROM 1789 TO 1815.

IF any one wishes to form an adequate idea of the literature of the French Revolution, he should examine the invaluable treasure of books, pamphlets, newspapers, and brochures of every kind so industriously collected by the late Mr. Croker, and now preserved at the British Museum. It is no exaggeration to say that, for the historian who discusses the events of the last eighty years, that collection is full of priceless information. A feeling of oppression, however, naturally creeps upon the man who for the first time opens the long array of portfolios composing it. Not that the numberless papers thus collected have been accumulated

without any reference to order and method; the only difficulty is to know where to begin. The pamphlets alone might absorb for months all the attention of the student. Starting with the celebrated brochure of Sidyès, *Qu'est-ce que le Tiers État?* it is only after wading through an endless list that we arrive at Châteaubriand's no less famous essay, *De Bonaparte et des Bourbons*. When we think for a moment of the state of the public mind in France on the eve of the first Revolution, we shall soon see that it was by means of the periodical press chiefly that it was directed for good or for evil; pamphlets led the way, but newspapers and gazettes carried on the work, and not one of the disquisitions of Mirabeau, with all their talent, ever attained to the influence of Hébert's *Père Duchêne*. We shall, therefore, without further preface, launch upon the wide sea of the newspaper literature of France between 1789 and 1815.

The opening of the States-General was the signal for a regular avalanche of journals, gazettes, and periodicals of every size, type, and character. The walls of Paris were daily covered with large sheets in all the colours of the rainbow, whilst criers and newsmen, laden with the grossest scandals, the vilest calumnies, and the foulest lies which party spirit could devise, ran about the streets inviting the public to procure the account of the last discussion at the Assembly, the famous speech of Vergniaud, and the discovery of the formidable conspiracy prepared against the nation. We need scarcely say that patriotism was then the universal watchword, and accordingly patriotic newspapers sprang up from the soil like mushrooms. There was the *Royalist Patriot*, the *Revolutionary Patriot*, and the *Republican Patriot*. Some writers felt the necessity of adopting another qualification which might still further guarantee the solidity of their patriotism; thus we find *Le vrai Patriote français*, published by the sansculotte Lefranc, the *Patriote sincère*, the *Patriote incorruptible*. The most celebrated of all, the *Patriote français*†, was the one which immortalized Brissot de Warville.

"Friends" of course appeared in large numbers. Marat started his well-known *Ami du Peuple* in September, 1789†, and three or four papers bearing the same name endeavoured, but vainly, to equal the success obtained by the ancient veterinary surgeon of S.A.R. Monseigneur le Comte d'Artois. We may mention the newspaper which Lenoble edited, and the one for which Jourdain de Saint-Ferjeux was responsible. As a matter of course, every journalist pretended to be the only truthful, the only impartial, the only independent, the only unchangeable writer. One would profess to hold up a whip ready for the castigation of all the enemies of liberty; another came forward as a "lighthouse" (*un fanal*), to clear up all the difficulties lying in the way of the reformers. A third, after assuming for his paper the emblem of a pair of scales, very wisely renounced the arduous task of establishing harmony between the various parties, and took as his motto the line "*Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites*."

It would be hopeless to venture without a guide through the mass of printed matter which represents the periodical literature of Revolutionary France. In the way of catalogues several valuable publications may be named, such as the *Catalogue des Imprimés de la Bibliothèque impériale (Histoire de France)*§, the last volume of which has recently been issued; the catalogue of M. de Labédoyère's sale||, and especially that of Deschiens; but a simple list, however complete, is quite insufficient, and what we want is to be directed briefly and clearly to materials which are really important. Such direction we find in M. Eugène Hatin's *Histoire politique et littéraire de la Presse en France*¶. Provided with this excellent guide we can apply ourselves fearlessly to the examination of Mr. Croker's treasures, and determine the principal landmarks in the landscape before us.

If we confine our researches, in the first instance, to the epoch comprised between the storming of the Bastille and the Consulate, we shall see that it naturally breaks itself up into three periods of unequal duration. As soon as the signal has been given for the attack upon the *ancien régime*, the flood-gates are thrown open, the utmost freedom is allowed to the press, and every political opinion can claim a hearing. How great the difference in the literature of journalism as it was immediately before and immediately after the summoning of the States-General! Under the reign of the Government censors a gazette was but a dull, colourless paper, containing a few trivial items of news, an account of theatrical doings, and sometimes a sonnet, an epigram, or an elegy. Its circulation of course was very limited, and nobody took any interest in it. Beaumarchais has amusingly, and not inaccurately, described the narrow circle within which the gazetier was obliged to move if he wished to keep clear of *lettres de cachet*. All of a sudden the tide turns, and a new era begins. The regeneration of the country, the merits and demerits of the aristocracy, financial questions, problems of political economy—such are the topics discussed. "Just now," says a contemporary writer, "journalists occupy the position and fulfil the duties of

magistrates; they denounce, decree, absolve, or condemn; every day they get into the rostrum, and some of them boast of stentorian lungs which can be distinctly heard all over the eighty-three departments. Those who wish to benefit by the orator's teaching have only two sons to pay." As might be expected, these extemporized politicians were remarkably bold, and their inexperience was equal to their audacity. We need scarcely add that their assertions met with the most implicit confidence on the part of the multitude.

On the side of the Revolutionary party the chief newspapers were Mirabeau's *États-généraux**, the *Journal de Paris*† edited by Garat and Condorcet, and the famous *Mercur*‡, which, now no longer dreading the power of the Royal censors, had openly espoused the cause of constitutional monarchy. The *Journal des Débats et Décrets*§ professed to give a faithful summary of the sittings of the National Assembly; its reports were remarkably dull and dry, and unfortunately its one-sided character, especially during what we may call the second stage of the Revolution, obliges us to receive its statements with much caution. Camille Desmoulins poured forth his wit and his eloquence in the *Révolutions de France et de Brabant*||, and Loustalot preached insurrection in the frankest manner by giving to his *Révolutions de Paris*¶ the following significant motto, "The great appear great to us only because we are on our knees. . . . Let us get up."

To the flood of revolutionary papers which appealed to every shade of demagoguism the Court at first opposed nothing but the stupid prose of the official *Gazette*, the platitudes of the *Journal général de France***†, and the dull paragraphs of the Abbé Poncelet's *Courrier français*††. When at last it was found necessary by the Royalists to act a little more vigorously, the arms to which they had recourse were satire and sarcasm; they fancied that the Liberal movement would not be able to stand well-pointed jokes, and that the Revolution was a Utopia which ridicule would at once scatter to the winds. Such were the *Journal de la Cour et de la Ville*‡‡, better known by the name of *Petit-Gaullier*, the *Ami du Roi*§§ and the *Actes des Apôtres*|||. Whilst surveying these strange productions, which form so curious a contrast to modern journalism, there are two or three points which strike us at once. In the first place, with very few exceptions, the newspaper writers in both camps do not deal in facts. They fill their columns with dissertations on the causes of the events which occur at Versailles or at Paris, they lampoon their adversaries, but they do not write history. Let us note, next, that public opinion during the early part of the Revolution seemed to be led, not by the larger, but by the smaller newspapers—the *francs-tireurs* of periodical literature. Finally, we observe that, in the sharp fire of sarcasm unparaphrasingly kept up both by Royalists and Revolutionists, the latter, although going boldly to the extreme of coarseness, show a skill and energy which we do not often meet with on the opposite side. As M. Hatin remarks, we must not be scandalized at the oaths and other uncouth expressions which disfigure almost every paragraph; let us consider them merely as signs of punctuation, and go on. We shall find a picturesque, racy idiom, a singularly felicitous *vis comica*, powerful logic, and a great deal of common sense. The only advantage enjoyed by the Royalist over the Revolutionary press was its unity, and it might have been used to some purpose if the literary champions of the throne had possessed the essential qualities of journalism; but unfortunately they were not so gifted, and the catastrophe of August 10, 1792, swept away, together with the Crown, all who defended its rights, whether Royalists *pur sang*, or Constitutionalists.

The period included between the proclamation of the Republic and the downfall of Robespierre on the 9th of Thermidor is a most interesting one in the annals of French journalism. The advocates of liberty began by carrying out against their adversaries a measure of so arbitrary a character that it surpassed even the wildest excesses committed under the rule of the old Government censors. All the journals connected with the Royalist party were suppressed by an order of the Paris Commune, dated August 12, 1792, on the plea that they were already condemned in the mind of the public. It is almost superfluous to add that the property thus confiscated was divided amongst the patriotic printers and publishers. Marat, Carra, Hébert, Gorsas, and a few others, for instance, received as a reward and an encouragement the entire plant of the *Journal de Paris*. The freedom of the press soon revived, however; and the opposition which arose between the Girondists and the Montagnards brought about a state of things tolerably similar to that which had existed when the antagonists were on one side the party of the Court, and on the other the friends of the people. The *Bulletin des Amis de la Vérité*, the *Sentinelle*, and the

* *États-généraux*. 2 nos. 1789.

† *Journal de Paris*. 1789-93. 4to.

‡ *La Mercur de France*. 1772-92. 221 vols. 12mo.

§ *Journal des Débats et Décrets des Assemblées nationales*. 1789-99. 127 vols.

|| *Révolutions de France et de Brabant*. 1789-91. 8 vols. 8vo.

¶ *Révolutions de Paris*. 1789-93. 17 vols. 8vo.

** *Journal général de France*. 1784-92. 12 vols. 4to.

†† *Courrier français*. 1789-96. 48 vols. 8vo.

‡‡ *Journal général de la Cour et de la Ville*. 1789-92. 15 vols.

§§ *L'Ami du Roi*. 1790-92. 5 vols. 4to.

||| *Les Actes des Apôtres*. 1789-92. 11 vols. 8vo.

* *Le Père Duchêne*. Par Jacques-René Hébert. 8vo. 355 nos. 1790-93.

† *Le Patriote français*. Par Brissot de Warville. 8 vols. 4to. 1789-93.

‡ *L'Ami du Peuple*. Par Marat. 685 nos. 1789-92.

§ *Nouveau Catalogue de la Bibliothèque impériale (Histoire de France, vol. 4)*. 4to.

|| *Description historique et bibliographique de la collection de M. de Labédoyère*. 8vo. Paris.

¶ *Histoire politique et littéraire de la Presse en France*. Par E. Hatin. 8 vols. 8vo. Paris.

*Journal des Amis**, edited by Fauchet, took at once the lead in the Girondist interest, whilst the extreme Radicals had the *Journal de la Montagne*, the *Anti-Brisotin*, and the *Révolutions de France et de Brabant*†. At first the gifted group of writers identified with Vergniaud, Madame Roland, Brissot, and Condorcet, were the most influential, and decidedly ruled public opinion; nearly all the newspapers belonged to them, or at any rate endorsed their views. Some journalists opposed the entire system of Jacobinism; others, if less decided, criticized at all events in no sparing manner the tyranny of the Paris Commune; only a few remained indifferent, watching the course of events, and afraid of giving pledges to either faction. Among the long list of newspapers belonging to that epoch let us also name the *Bulletin du Tribunal criminel révolutionnaire de Paris*‡—a terrible record, the pages of which contain the obituary of some of France's noblest children.

With the fall of the Gironde every vestige of freedom disappeared, and all journals which did not praise indiscriminately the worst doings of the Montagnards were immediately suppressed. It required an extraordinary amount of courage on the part of Roch Marcandier to denounce for the space of two months, in the *Véritable Ami du Peuple*§, "the Committee of public woe," "the men of prey," "the mountebanks of the mountain"; and Camille Desmoulins, by his spirited exhortations to clemency, did much in the *Vieux Cordelier*|| to retrieve his character; but the warfare which these writers carried on could not be of long duration, and finally, as M. Hatin expresses it, "la parole resta aux seuls enragés."

A reaction could not fail to take place as soon as the frightful state of things maintained by Robespierre and his party came to an end. After the events of Thermidor an immense number of journals were started, avowedly advocating a return to the old order of things, and making no secret of their Royalist sympathies. We may name *La Quotidienne* and *Les Nouvelles politiques*¶. Fréron's *Orateur du Peuple*** was the favourite organ of *la jeunesse dorée*; it expressed the opinions of the Thermidorians with an energy which produced a powerful effect; and, in accordance with the suggestions offered by Fréron, a vigorous campaign was opened against the last representatives of the Reign of Terror. The Constitution of the year III. proclaimed the freedom of the press, but unfortunately, as has always been the case, the excesses of every kind perpetrated by those who ought to have seen that it was their interest to raise the character of journalism necessitated a return to repressive measures. Even the strongest governments cannot always afford to disregard the violent attacks of newspaper writers, and certainly it is impossible to say of the Directoire that it commanded either respect or esteem. In the meanwhile the various organs of the periodical press had reached the last verge of intemperance, and the new rulers of France were subjected to the grossest abuse, both from the extreme Republicans and from the Royalists. The former inserted daily in their columns vehement appeals to the shades of Robespierre, Marat, and Babeuf; the latter, conjuring up the most tragic reminiscences of the Reign of Terror, systematically denounced Republican institutions, and preached a crusade in favour of Louis XVIII. The danger for the Directoire was evidently on the Royalist side, because there had gradually arisen throughout the country a strong feeling against Republican excesses; nor was it at all likely that the admirers of the Committee of Public Safety would for the present be able to reconstruct their party. Accordingly the Directoire determined upon a *coup d'état*. The 18th Fructidor was, as M. Hatin remarks, "the Saint-Bartholomew's Day of French journalism." A decree posted on the walls of Paris announced that any one advocating a return either to Royalty or to the Constitution of 1793 should be immediately shot; another edict ordered the incarceration of forty-two newspaper editors, on the ground that they were conspiring against the safety of the State. When Bonaparte, under the title of First Consul, assumed the supreme authority, he had nothing to do, in order to kill journalism, but to stamp out an already expiring foe which could scarcely be said to exist, and the *arrêté* of January 17, 1800, simply confirmed the edict of Fructidor.

Despotism and literature can never agree together. The author of the 18th Brumaire thoroughly understood this, and resolved to keep the periodical press under his own control *per fas et nefas*. In the beginning of his political career it might have been unsafe for him to disclose his real intentions; he therefore contented himself with meeting the journalists on their own ground, and with turning *gazetier* for the nonce. Thus he founded at Milan, during the year V. of the Republic, the *Courrier de l'armée d'Italie*, which was succeeded after some time by another newspaper entitled *La France vue de l'armée d'Italie*††. These two periodicals, belonging to the Directorial epoch of the Revolution, are extremely curious as showing the early symptoms of the feelings which Napoleon always entertained towards writers who

ventured to display the slightest independence in the expression of their sentiments. The trenchant tone adopted by the soldier-journalist and his *collaborateurs* was calculated to excite the suspicions of the unfortunate Directors, and to convince them that the general of the Army of Italy would soon become their master. The *Courrier de l'Égypte**, founded at Cairo during the venturesome expedition which carried the tricolour to the banks of the Nile, is another gazette of the same kind.

The decree of January 17, 1800, by arbitrarily reducing to thirteen the number of political newspapers, and especially by forbidding the creation of any new ones, ushered in the reign of silence. Here, again, the new ruler of France, whilst crushing all free expression on the part of those who were bold enough to think for themselves, aimed at leading and moulding public opinion. The *Moniteur universel*† was there, no doubt; but facts occur every day which cannot be conveniently stated or discussed in an official paper; and, therefore, on the 20th of Ventôse, year X., the first number was issued of the *Bulletin de Paris*‡, a journal "composed," says Deschiens, "in Bonaparte's study, and under his personal superintendence. The First Consul himself contributed articles to it."

We cannot now attempt any estimate even of the leading journalists of the Revolutionary period, nor can we at present offer any criticism on Fiévée, Bonaparte's favourite newspaper correspondent. We shall merely say here that he was offered the editorship of the *Bulletin de Paris*, and that he very wisely advised the First Consul to discontinue it, or rather to discourage it. He justly argued that if a newspaper is to possess any amount of influence it must, in the first instance, have obtained a certain degree of popularity, and that no journal ostensibly and avowedly started by a Government can hope to be successful. It would be better to act through journals already existing, and none of them would refuse the insertion of *articles communiqués* if these were ably written, and especially if they were written in accordance with the spirit of the journal to which the Government might think proper to forward them.

The correspondence of Fiévée, published some years ago, is the best source of information we possess as to the state of public opinion in France during the Empire, and the recently completed voluminous collection of Napoleon's letters and despatches shows the uninterrupted series of arbitrary measures by means of which the smallest traces of freedom were effectually stamped out. The *Publiciste*, edited so excellently by Suard, and reckoning amongst its *collaborateurs* Madlle. Pauline de Meulan, who afterwards became Madame Guizot; the old *Mercur de France*, revived with success under the direction of La Harpe, Fontanes, and De Bonald; and the *Journal de Paris*, were all in turn subjected to the tyranny of the Minister of Police. Printers, publishers, and proprietors saw themselves deprived of their rights, and obliged to accept as a compensation any grant of money which the Duke de Rovigo might choose to name; editors and sub-editors were appointed by Government, as if they were clerks in the Imperial *bureau*; and the principle was unblushingly put forth that the pecuniary profits derived from the circulation of a newspaper could be considered a property only if the concession of that property was positively granted by the Emperor. The confiscation of the *Journal des Débats*, which took place in 1811, is one of the most scandalous amongst a long list of acts of wanton despotism. M. Bertin de Vaux and his brother had raised this paper to a high state of prosperity, and had no reason to believe that any offence had been given by them to the Government. Suddenly an edict appeared confiscating the property of the journal for the benefit of the Crown. It was divided into twenty-four shares, eight of which were handed over to the police, while the remaining sixteen were given to a few literary men and habitués of the Court. The Bertins had pledged themselves on various occasions to the payment of certain pensions and annuities on behalf of persons connected with their paper; these pensions were discontinued. All was seized, even the money found in the till, the stationery, and the furniture of the office. Not the smallest indemnification was offered to the proprietors. The intention of the Emperor had been to re-establish in France the state of things, so far as the press was concerned, which existed before the Revolution. Thanks to the unscrupulous character of Fouché and of the Duke of Rovigo, the attempt was attended with success, but only during the Imperial régime; and even then all the surveillance exercised by the police could not prevent feelings of indignation from breaking out, often where they were least expected. What end was gained by the suppression of Madame de Staël's *De l'Allemagne*, and by the terrible threats uttered against Chateaubriand by the self-willed Emperor? Obstinate Liberals kept on saying that the death of the Duke of Enghien was an infamous murder, and still held up Germany as the only country in Continental Europe where speech and thought were free. The Restoration of the Bourbons opened a new era in the history of journalism; and the system of repression which Napoleon had established disappeared with the catastrophe of Waterloo, never more to show itself again in its original violence.

Le Courrier de l'Égypte. 4to.

† *Le Moniteur universel*. Folio.

‡ *Le Bulletin de Paris*. 1801-2. 6 vols. 8vo.

* *Bulletin des Amis de la Vérité*. 1792-93. 4to. *La Sentinelle*, 11 vols. 4to. *Journal des Amis*. 1793. 2 vols. 8vo.

† *Journal de la Montagne*. 1793-94. 8vo. *L'Anti-Brisotin*. 1793. 8vo.

‡ *Bulletin du Tribunal révolutionnaire*. 1792-94. 3 vols. 4to.

§ *Le véritable Ami du Peuple*. 1792. 8vo.

|| *Le Vieux Cordelier*. 1793. 8vo.

¶ *La Quotidienne*. 1795-97. 4to. *Les Nouvelles politiques*. 1792-97. 4to.

** *L'Orateur du Peuple*. 1789-94. 8vo.

†† *Le Courrier de l'armée d'Italie*. 4to.

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DORÉ GALLERY.—GUSTAVE DORÉ, 35 New Bond Street. EXHIBITION of PICTURES (including "CHRISTIAN MARTYRS," "MONASTERY," "TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY," "FRANCESCA DE RIMINI"). Ten till Six. Admission, 1s.

THE COAST of NORWAY.—An EXHIBITION of DRAWINGS and PAINTINGS by ELIJAH WALTON, including "THE MIDNIGHT SUN." PALL MALL GALLERY, 45 Pall Mall (Mr. THOMPSON'S). Admission, with Catalogue, 1s. Ten till Dusk.

AUTOTYPES.—A Fine Collection of these beautiful Works of ART ON VIEW, at the Grand Gallery of the AUTOTYPE FINE ART COMPANY, Limited, 38 Rathbone Place, Oxford Street (next door to Winsor & Newton's).

MARTIN F. TUPPER'S READINGS at ST. JAMES'S HALL. on Thursday Evenings, December 8 and 15. Programme of the FIRST READING, December 8: "Three Ages of Man"; "Proverbial Philosophy" of "Beauty"; "Macaulay's 'Horatius'"; "Adventure"; "King Verie"; "Proverbial Philosophy" of "Love"; "Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall'"; "All's for the Best." All the Pieces are by the Reader, unless otherwise titled. The Public are respectfully requested to be in their places Ten Minutes before Eight. Sofa Stalls, 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets to be had of Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street; Keith, Frowse, and Co., 48 Chancery; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

INDIAN CIVIL ENGINEERING COLLEGE, COOPER'S HILL, SURREY.
By Order of the Secretary of State for India in Council.

India Office, Nov. 30, 1870.

NOTICE is Hereby Given that a COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION will be held in June next, for the selection of FIFTY CANDIDATES for admission to this College.

The Examination will be open to all British-born Subjects of Good Character and Sound Constitution who are between the ages of Seventeen and Twenty-one Years. The successful Competitors, after undergoing a Course of Instruction at the College, including a Practical Course under a Civil or Mechanical Engineer, and, on being found qualified, will be appointed to the Engineer Service of the Indian Government on a Salary commencing at Rs. 4,200 (about £150) per annum.

The Examination will embrace the following Subjects:

Marks assigned.

English Composition	500	1,000
History and Literature	500	2,000
Mathematics, pure and mixed	500	2,000
Latin	500	1,000
French	500	1,000
German	500	750
Natural and Experimental Sciences, limited to not more than Three of the Four following branches, viz. (1) Chemistry; (2) Heat and Light; (3) Electricity and Magnetism; (4) Geology and Physical Geography	500	2,000
Mechanical (Geometrical) Drawing	500	500
Freehand (Figure and Landscape) Drawing	500	500

The Charge made to Students at the College will be at the rate of £150 per annum.

For further particulars, apply, by letter only, to the SECRETARY, Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, Westminster; or to the SECRETARY, Public Works Department, India Office, S.W.

(Signed) HERMAN MERVALE.

ARUNDEL SOCIETY, 24 Old Bond Street, London.—Founded in 1849, for Promoting the KNOWLEDGE of ART by Copying and Publishing important WORKS of ANCIENT MASTERS.

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F. W. MAYNARD, Secretary.

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(By the Seaside and Sussex Downs.)

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Master, Modern School—The Rev. G. B. GREEN, M.A., late Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford.

The ensuing Term will commence on Thursday, the 19th of January next. Boarders to return on the previous Afternoon.

For particulars apply to the Secretary, Major F. T. GARRARD, The College, Eastbourne.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

On Thursday, December 15, the ANNUAL ELECTION will be held to SCHOLARSHIPS tenable at the Boarding Houses, Two of £50 for Two Years, and Two of £50 for One Year. Of these Two will be awarded for Classical merit, and Two for Mathematical. Candidates must be in the case of a previous holding of such a Scholarship. Regard will be paid to difference of Age in the Candidates.

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Warden.—The Rev. WALTER M. HATCH, Fellow of New College, Oxford.

Sub-Warden.—The Rev. J. W. KNIGHT, St. John's College, Cambridge.

Mathematical Master.—G. W. FORREST, Esq., St. John's College, Cambridge.

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